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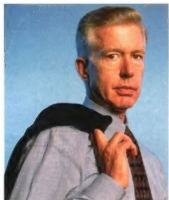
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The Gov: California's Gray Davis shows an unexpected boldness (see **NATION**)



Let There Be Light: After corrective laser eye surgery, no more glasses or contacts (see **COVER**)



But Is It Art? A controversial show at the Brooklyn Museum (see **THE ARTS**)

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Insuring the times of your life: *As the years fly by*

Most people are aware of the importance of purchasing life insurance when they reach certain milestones in their lives such as getting married, having children, or buying their first home. But newlyweds, new parents, and first-time homeowners aren't the only ones who need life insurance.

As your children grow or your family's financial situation changes, it may be tempting to focus solely on investments, college savings, and retirement planning. But, it is equally important to consider insurance protection because a financial plan without insurance is nothing more than a savings and investment plan that dies when you do. Take a moment to think about how your family's insurance needs are changing as the years fly by.

When Did They Get So Big?

Although it seems like you just took the training wheels off their bikes, your kids will be leaving home to set the wheels in motion for their own careers before you can say S.A.T. And, if you think kids' allowances have grown since you were their age, wait until that first tuition and housing bill arrives. Have you protected your children's hopes for the future by ensuring that college and other costs will be covered even if you die unexpectedly?



Hitting Your Stride

Making the last college tuition payment is certainly a big relief. But all it really means is that you'll never pay college tuition again. Other financial commitments will remain. Now in the prime of



your career, you're finally making the kind of money you've always strived for. However, as your income increases, so do your expenses and aspirations. More than ever, you'll want to make sure that your loved ones can continue living with financial security and won't be

burdened with debt, if they have to go on living without you.

Making Your Golden Years Glitter

As you edge closer to retirement, you may need to reconsider your insurance needs again. What would happen if you or your spouse had to face the golden years alone? Would there be enough money to maintain the lifestyle you're both accustomed to, or to pay for future expenses such as estate taxes, health or long-term care costs? What if your spouse outlives you by five, ten, or even twenty years? Would your financial plan, including your insurance, enable you to provide for your spouse? And, would you be able to pass on something to your children and grandchildren?



As people get older, their life insurance needs vary greatly. For most people, as the years pass, financial obligations and family demands make the need for life insurance as important as ever. Because everyone's needs are different, the best way to develop a complete financial plan is to talk with an insurance agent or other financial advisor.

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Our Newstour to China

A visit reveals the promise—and problems—of sweeping change

AS THE LEATHER-FACED old man intently folded his pink ballot and slotted it into the box, I felt a slight lump in my throat. I'm a sucker for the rituals and realities of democracy, and here we were in the remote Chinese village of Liujiachang watching a thousand citizens in a schoolyard listen to campaign speeches and then vote for mayor. The incumbent, a slick young man elected three years ago, promised to lower taxes and improve irrigation. The challenger, older and more earthy, promised to open the village books for inspection and eloquently described how his own success as a farmer and former mayor would make him a better choice. "I'll bring you down the road I have walked already," he said. In the end, the challenger won by a narrow margin.

The visit was part of a two-week Newstour across China, from western-most Kashgar to Beijing, by Time Warner executives, board members and journalists. We had to remember that this fledgling show of democracy is permitted only at the village level and is, so far, more symbolic than substantive. Government and party officials wearing Motorola beepers wandered the fringe of the crowd, much like the ward leaders at the elections in Louisiana I covered as a cub reporter.

But it was also important not to be too cynical. China is undergoing yet another awesome transformation, one marked by a pragmatic expansion of economic and individual freedom. We could sense both its promise and its limitations wherever we went: at a discussion with religious leaders in a mosque in Kashgar, at meetings with engineers and then environmental activists as we sailed the Yangtze and toured the mind-boggling Three Gorges Dam construction site, at a FORTUNE Global Forum of international CEOs in Shanghai's new convention center and at events surrounding the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Chinese revolution in Beijing.

The complexities of this change are often missed by those who pontificate from afar. "It is better to look at a thing



SMALL LEAP FORWARD: Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin, right, meets the candidates for mayor in the village of Liujiachang

once than to hear about it a hundred times," President Jiang Zemin told our group in a meeting in Shanghai. And for those of us who had marveled at being able to use the Internet in cafés in Kashgar, he updated that old Chinese saying for the digital era his country is now embracing: "You can know everything from the Internet, but it cannot replace personal experiences with people." This was, indeed, the prime purpose of our Newstour. "It's hard to appreciate the changes in China," says Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin, "unless you experience them intimately and emotionally as well as intellectually."

President Jiang faces a tricky balancing act these days, made more so by the Clinton Administration's egregious failure to accept a World Trade Organization agreement in April. His speech to the FORTUNE forum included some hard-line words about Taiwan and about America's penchant to preach and meddle. "Every country has the right to choose the social system, ideology, economic system and path of development that suit its national conditions," he said. But the significant message he stressed in his talk was that economic and political liberalization would continue. "The Chinese people," he said, "will firmly and unswervingly follow the path of reform and opening up."

At the dinner where Jiang spoke, I sat next to Liu Mingkang, a former Chinese central banker who now heads a large financial corporation. He knows well the vagaries of Chinese freedoms; during the

Cultural Revolution, he spent 10 years banished to the countryside, where he learned English by listening to the Voice of America on his secret transistor radio while working in the paddies. Now he is planning for his company to set up an online system for stock trading and banking transactions. "As economic freedoms expand," he says, "we are inevitably securing more social freedoms and the ability to exchange the information and ideas we need to grow."

As journalists, we are naturally partial to the concept that the free flow of information and ideas is integral to economic growth and freedom. That is why TIME remains committed to covering all issues, including China's continued suppression of dissidents. Indeed, when we arrived in China, we discovered that our latest issue—which included articles by the Dalai Lama and the dissident exile physicist Fang Lizhi—had been banned from the newsstands.

Traveling through China reinforced my belief that attempts to restrict information and control dissent are not only counterproductive to a healthy economy and society, they are also, in the age of satellites and the Internet, futile. Among the most common sounds in Shanghai now is the chirping of cell phones. And last week I kept bumping into folks—from Yahoo's Jerry Yang and AOL's Steve Case to my dinner companion Liu Mingkang and Beijing Internet café founder Edward Zeng—who are launching digital-information services.

This is why the story of China's intriguing evolution is so much more nuanced than it looks from afar and why our Newstour was so valuable. I like to think that our founder Henry Luce, who was born in China and whose open-minded curiosity eventually overcame his missionary impulses toward that country, would agree.

Walter Isaacson, Managing Editor



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Do you know a young person who deserves recognition? Prudential created the Spirit of Community Awards in partnership with the National Association of Secondary School Principals to honor young people like Pettus in grades 5-12 for outstanding community service. And right now, we're looking for award candidates for the year 2000. If you know a young person who's made a difference in the community, we want to hear about it.

Awards are given at the local, state and national levels. Applications will be available in September through middle schools, high schools, Girl Scout councils and county 4-H organizations. Local honorees are selected in November and become candidates for statewide honors, a \$1,000 prize and a trip to Washington, D.C. At a special ceremony in the nation's capital, ten national honorees will each receive a \$5,000 award, a gold medallion and a crystal trophy.

Help us find next year's honorees! If you know any volunteer-minded students, encourage them to apply. The application deadline is October 29, 1999. For more information, call **1-800-THE-ROCK ext. 1143.**



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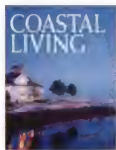
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LETTERS



Wild About Harry

“Wonderful! Our children are reading Harry Potter’s adventures in his fantasy world, not hypnotized in front of the boob tube.”

PAUL G. BRIZAL JR.
Colorado Springs

IT WAS A DELIGHT TO SEE *TIME*’S COVER bearing a portrait of fantasy fiction’s latest “wiz” kid, Harry Potter (BOOKS, Sept. 20). As an author, I have despaired of the future of both writing and reading, given the plummeting literary standards and increasing indifference to learning in our era. In so dark an hour, it is nothing short of magical that what J.R.R. Tolkien called the “Tree of Tales” could put forth a green and growing shoot like the Harry books—a branch that can serve as a broomstick to bear us “lands away” and, better still, worlds within. Congratulations, J.K. Rowling, on constructing a real, working transPotter!

ANDRE NORTON, GRAND MASTER
Science Fiction Writers of America
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

ALL I CAN SAY ABOUT J.K. ROWLING IS SHE can’t be a Muggle to have spun such a feast for the imagination as her Harry Potter books! I am in awe of Rowling’s ability to create such a magical world of wizardry that seemingly sprang into her head (although I have a theory that she herself is a Hogwarts graduate!). I hope each of her future fabulous books brings her even greater success than the last. And long live, Harry Potter!

MARYKATHRYN GIELISSE, AGE 13
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I CAN’T UNDERSTAND why the Harry Potter books are such a huge craze. They’re all right, I suppose, but they seem to me to be a watered-down version of Diane Duane’s far superior juvenile Wizard series.

STEVE VANDEN-EYKEL
New Westminster, B.C.

WONDERFUL! OUR CHILDREN ARE READING Harry Potter’s adventures in his fantasy world, not hypnotized in front of the boob tube. As encouraged as I am by kids’ reading and enjoying these books, along with gaining an appreciation and love of reading, I have one major concern. Since

Tinky Winky is supposedly gay (according to Jerry Falwell), and a church in my city has accused Pokémon of representing Satan and hacked apart several Pokémon dolls during its services, I just have to wonder what the wacky religious right has in store for Harry and his friends!

PAUL G. BRIZAL JR.
Colorado Springs

PREPOSTEROUS IS A GOOD DESCRIPTOR OF the notion that children’s books should be excluded from the New York Times best-seller list. What differentiates children’s books from others? Is it the lack of a good story, worthy characters or beautiful writing? Of course not. Within the pages of “children’s literature” you can find humor, adventure, philosophy and romance, all elegantly expressed. The sole difference is the age of the protagonist. Perhaps the success of the Harry Potter series will awaken many to the treasures to be found on the shelves in the children’s section.

DIANE MASLA
Gainesville, Fla.

IT IS NOT UNTIL NEARLY THE END OF “Wild About Harry” that we are informed that Warner Bros. has licensed the film rights—and I assume the lucrative merchandising rights—to the best-selling Harry Potter books. This cover story is a shameless self-promotion and evidence of the kind of conflict of interest we will see more of as respected, independent news organizations like *TIME* become publicity tools for their corporate entertainment shickmeister.

RICHARD C. LEVY
Bethesda, Md.

I HAVE A QUIBBLE WITH YOUR IDENTIFYING the moral of the Harry Potter stories as “the most important magic comes from inside each of us.” An equally strong message in these books is that we “get by with a little help from our friends.” Children (and many adults)

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GROWNUPS TOO



After reading *TIME*'s cover story on Harry Potter (BOOKS, Sept. 20), a good number of adults wrote us describing the effects of the series not only on their kids but on themselves as well. Ernest Heau of New York City, an enthusiastic fan along with his nine-year-old, Noah, wrote that "Harry Potter is right up our alley. We know in our bones that Potter will grow up to be another Merlin (also an orphan of dark origin)—extraordinarily wise, kind and human." Said Shelly R.C. Henderson, a seventh-grade teacher at the Tomlin Middle School in Tampa, Fla.: "It is wonderful that so many allowances are currently being spent on books! Harry's antics, friendships and adventures have brought so much pleasure to me and my students. I too am anxiously awaiting No. 4!" But some adults had a different reaction. "I was convinced this would be a great book for my two children, ages 8 and 7," said Aretta Gordish of Gibbon, Minn. "However, after reading the first chapter to them, I realized right away that it is possible children might want to become involved in witchcraft." Her conclusion: "There will be no Harry Potter in this household."

would love to sneak around under the cloak of invisibility, ride hippogriffs and fly around town on a broomstick. However, many of us may be more envious of Harry's friendship with Ron, Hermione and Hagrid. Such friendships are the stuff of magic, a kind of magic that even we Muggles can hope to experience.

KEVIN CONLEY
New Haven, Conn.

In the Reign of Pius XII

DAVID VAN BIEMA PRAISES JOHN CORNWELL'S *Hitler's Pope* as "painstaking revisionism." He offers as a prime example Cornwell's attempt to debunk the story that Pius XII burned his statement of protest against the Nazis after reading that the Dutch bishops' protest had cost 40,000 lives (RELIGION, Sept. 20). Corn-

well, Van Biema reports, argues that this was more than twice the number of Jews in Holland at the time. That's true, but the newspaper accounts given to the Pope were not limited to Dutch Jews, but referred to the deportation of "40,000 Jews of the lowlands." The Dutch bishops' statement precipitated a Nazi acceleration of the roundup of all Jews of the region, not just Jewish Catholics of Holland, so the figure of 40,000 is not at all exaggerated. One can criticize papal policies during the complex and chaotic years of World War II, of course. But one should not, as Cornwell appears to have done in this instance, play shell games with the facts in order to bolster one's thesis.

EUGENE J. FISHER, ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR
Secretariat for Ecumenical and
Interreligious Affairs
National Conference of Catholic Bishops
Washington

YOUR ARTICLE "THE POPE AND *DER Führer*" puts the antics of the Roman Catholic hierarchy into perspective. With only a few exceptions, Popes and their henchmen Cardinals have always kept control over the masses by threatening eternal damnation for Catholics who dared to question them. People like



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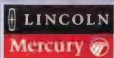
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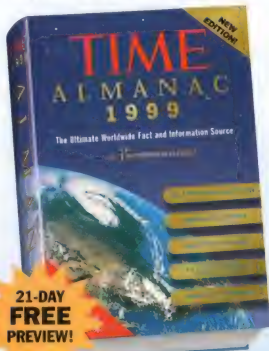
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effort to put Christ, not the power-
hungry Popes, at the head of the church.

JOHN FAIRBROTHER
Cashel, Ireland

Viacom and CBS Combine

THE VIACOM-CBS MERGER IS BAD NEWS
for consumers [BUSINESS, Sept. 20].
Viacom has long monopolized the
music-video business in defiance of the
supposedly immutable laws of free
enterprise, the information superhigh-
way, etc. Viacom takes advantage of
consumers with the monopolistic tools
of higher price (more commercials)
and less product (fewer videos). Do we
really want TV in the next millennium
to consist entirely of reruns of *Beavis
and Butt-head*?

JOHN CLARK
Englewood, N.J.

Bush and Buchanan

MAYBE MORE ISSUES OF TIME LIKE YOUR
latest will prove to the American people
just how empty a suit George W. Bush
is [NATION, Sept. 20]. Bush claims to
have told insiders that "he admires
Buchanan's common touch and thinks
of him as the rival he would most like to
go fishing with." Any candidate who
even faintly admires Pat Buchanan is
not worthy of the office of President of
the U.S. Bush and Buchanan—what a
disgusting thought!

ED O'DONNELL
Sarasota, Fla.

Devaluing Diana

SALLY BEDELL SMITH'S BOOK, *DIANA IN
Search of Herself*, is nothing short of
cannibalism, gnawing away at the last
decomposing bone of Diana's dignity
[BOOKS, Sept. 13]. Let us not confuse
mental illness with severe mental
duress. Diana herself once said she
wasn't crazy until she entered the House
of Windsor. She was the victim of our
insatiable interest, greedy journalists
and photographers and a royal establish-
ment that values appearance over sub-
stance. To accept this book is to devalue
every precious memory we have of
Diana. Let's instead give Diana her due
by accepting her humanness, under-
standing the immense pressure she
lived under, honoring her contributions,
recognizing her value and allowing her,
with dignity, to rest in peace. It's time to
tell the authors that there is a line and
they have now crossed it!

THERESA M. GARRISON
Helena, Mont.

Stage Father of Tennis

HOW WE ADORE ROGER ROSENBLATT—usually. We can only hope he speaks of “The Proudest Papa,” Richard Williams, with tongue firmly planted in cheek [ESSAY, Sept. 20]. As Mary Carillo so eloquently put it on CBS *Sunday Morning*, after Williams spewed the outrageous in saying his daughters were conceived to make the family rich, “his daughters have to clean up after him.” We can only imagine the humiliation felt by his elder three, presumably unproductive daughters. We can’t recall his ever even mentioning their names. Daughters Venus and Serena will probably be just fine, as long as they look up to and emulate the role models who have been the true champions of their sport—and not the stage father of the decade.

JACK AND BONNIE RIDDLE
South Portland, Maine

The Seal of Confession

IN HIS ARTICLE ON RELIGIOUS FREEDOM and pending federal legislation to protect it further [NATION, Sept. 13], John Cloud’s highlight of the confession scandal here in Oregon needs clarification. The defendant Wayne Hale was not “charged” with the triple murder until May 1996. My visit with him occurred before he was charged. Even though the tape of his bugged confession was never played in court, the threat was constant, and the tape still has not been destroyed, a continuing violation of the sacrament. The lawsuit I initiated was settled for

HELP FOR SIERRA LEONE

TIME performed an invaluable service in calling the world’s attention to the suffering being endured by the people of Sierra Leone (WORLD, Sept. 13), especially the thousands of men, women and children savagely mutilated by rebel troops. Several hundred TIME readers have sent contributions for our work in Sierra Leone or have called to offer personal assistance. Most significantly, key members of Congress have told us they will initiate action to assist innocent Sierra Leoneans like those whose photos and moving stories you published. Your coverage will keep the world from ignoring their plight.

Reynold Levy, President
International Rescue Committee
New York City

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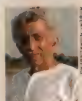
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OUR HERO TAKES A BOW



For his work in helping clean up the Ganges River, **TIME** named India's Veer Bhadra Mishra a Hero for the Planet [ENVIRONMENT, Aug. 2].

Now the Hindu priest, who is also an environment-minded engineer, will be featured on a Turner Broadcasting special titled *People Count: Six Billion*. The program, with Jane Fonda as host, will examine the pressure being put on the environment as the world population reaches 6 billion and will profile people working to save the planet from the proliferation of humanity. The show will debut on TBS at 7:30 a.m. E.T. on Oct. 9 and on CNN at 10 p.m. E.T. the same day.

\$45,000 (not \$25,000) by state and local officials. We fought all the way to the federal appeals court. Religion and its free expression must be further protected.

(THE REV.) TIMOTHY MCKAITTIS
Portland, Ore.

The Ad Signal

I ENJOYED READING THE "BAD SEEDS" article concerning the battle over genetically engineered crops [TRADE, Sept. 13]. However, I am concerned by the lack of enthusiasm for genetically modified (GM) food in advertisements. Where are the labels that brag GENETICALLY IMPROVED? Where are the advertisements that say "Even better thanks to GM"? The fact that GM is not used in advertisements is a sure sign that producers consider it potentially dangerous.

BENOIT MARCHAL
Namur, Belgium

Cordless, with Green Hair?

RICHARD "CORDLESS" NEEDS TO PLUG IN. I suppose the critics are the experts, but I liked the movie *Love of the Game* [CINEMA, Sept. 20]. Kevin Costner pitched an enjoyable film, and the jock stuff, even to true fans, was not loony.

GARY P. THOMAS
Encino, Calif.

I WANT KEVIN COSTNER TO KNOW THIS. I was working in the box office on the night of the sneak preview of *For the*

Love of the Game. The doorman quizzed all the viewers as they exited, and they were all in high spirits, very satisfied and well entertained. The only one who didn't like it was a kid with green hair—and he's entitled to his opinion.

KAREN MCKINNEY
Oakland, Calif.

Descent into Chaos

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS in East Timor is a tragedy equivalent to what happened in Bosnia and Kosovo [WORLD, Sept. 20]. The carnage by the militias and rogue elements of the Indonesian army is despicable. The situation is still volatile, and it would be wise for the international peacekeeping force to obtain the full cooperation of Indonesian armed-forces personnel familiar with the terrain and ground situation. Humanitarian assistance from all nations must be forthcoming to ensure that East Timor will once again become the "Land of the Living." The world must give these people hope for the future.

ADRIAN VILLANUEVA
Singapore

Video-Game Nightmare

MY FAMILY WOULD BE A LOT MORE impressed with the Dreamcast if Sega's customer support lived up to the capabilities of the game console [TECHNOLOGY, Sept. 20]. Four inoperable copies of *Sonic Adventure* later, and with a Web browser that doesn't work, I find myself cast into the middle of a bad dream. Couple that with a lack of meaningful response from Sega, and it is rapidly turning into a video-game nightmare.

ROY SAYLORS
Wyoming, Ohio

Whither the IQ Gene?

YOUR ARTICLES RELATING TO THE IQ GENE were very interesting [THE IQ GENE, Sept. 13]. I can see how this information might be useful in helping to correct the disadvantage with certain diseases. But I abhorred the idea that "every parent is going to want this." As a parent of children ages 10 and 12, I wouldn't want to do anything that might alter their wonderful humor and sensitivity. That is what makes them human.

SYDNEY SOBOTKA
Zurich, Switzerland

SO RESEARCHERS HAVE DISCOVERED drugs to improve your memory. Why do you presume this to be an unquestionably good thing? One of the comforting things about the human mind is its ability

to forget. The irony is that while the drug companies will make billions selling memory drugs, the distillers will continue to make billions selling liquor to people who drink to forget.

DANIEL J. SALOMON
Winnipeg, Man.

TIME'S EXTENDED FAMILY



Don't miss this hour-long newsmagazine show on Sundays. In 1977, Leonard Peltier, a member of the American Indian Movement, was convicted of murdering two FBI agents. CNN & TIME examines why some consider him a political prisoner. On CNN Oct. 10, 1999 at 9 p.m. ET.



TIME's news and analysis at time.com, plus live interviews at chat.yahoo.com/time



TIME profiles the most important people of the century on AOL at keyword TIME 100.



Top tech news, features and our bargain hunters' Deal of the Day at timeidigital.com



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SEARLE 

VERBATIM

"We didn't know if they were North or South Koreans ... We were there only a couple of days, and we didn't know them from a load of coal."

EUGENE HESSELMAN,
veteran of the Korean War,
on the episode at No Gun Ri
in 1950, where American
soldiers reportedly opened
fire on Korean civilians

**"I don't wear, won't wear,
anything made by Calvin
Klein. The stuff is cheap."**

MARK WAHLBERG,
actor and former Calvin
Klein underwear model

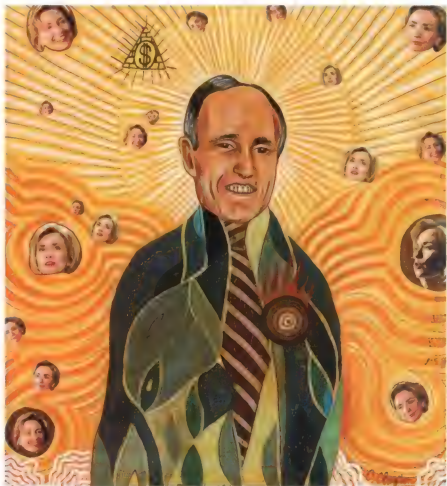
**"You'll see a height of
ecstasy. My wife is a believer
and so am I, and we've had
many such times."**

THE REV. BILLY GRAHAM,
evangelist, on how sex is
better if you're born again

**"I think I'm the richest man
in the world ever to work for
someone else."**

TED TURNER,
on being vice chairman at
Time Warner (in fact, Steven
Ballmer of Microsoft is richer
and works for Bill Gates)

Sources: *Washington Post*; *Washington Post*; *New York Daily
News*; *Graham*; *Harvard Crimson*; *Turner*; *Reuters*



RUDY TWO SHOES When New York City's dictatorial mayor and Senator-wannabe, Rudy Giuliani, took on the Brooklyn Museum show over a dung-daubed painting of the Virgin Mary, the fight got dirty. This must be Hillary's fault.

WINNERS & LOSERS



ANNETTE BENING
Beauty gets raves, but restless
hubby needs new project. If only
they'd greenlight *Shampoo II*

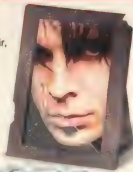
JEFF BEZOS
Amazon.com stock soars on
news he'll expand. Just what we
need: more poodle ashtrays

RONALD REAGAN
Gipper pals blitz TV talk shows
over bio controversy. Best
Dutch treat in years

GARTH BROOKS
His Chris Gaines album and
persona get panned. Lose the hair,
and please, find your hat

AL GORE
Nashville-bound Veep
administers campaign CPR.
Another sad song on Music Row

JESSE VENTURA
Blasts religion as "crutch" for
weak. Line between candor
and crankdom getting thinner





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DRIVEN.

THE CIA

Ending the Agency's Extended Chile Silence

THE GHOST OF **CHARLES HORMAN** CONTINUES to haunt the CIA. The American expatriate, killed during the 1973 coup led by Chilean General **AUGUSTO PINOCHET UGARTE**, was immortalized in the Oscar-winning 1982 movie *Missing*. His death and revelations of agency support for Pinochet helped lead to congressional oversight of CIA activities. In the wake of Pinochet's arrest last year in Britain, Clinton asked the agency and four other branches of government to review for release "all documents that shed light on human rights abuses, terrorism and political violence" from 1968 to 1991. The CIA has released only a fraction of the documents it should have and, despite a high priority in



Augusto Pinochet Ugarte

Later this month, Senator **DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN** of New York will team up with Florida Congressman **PORTER GOSS** to introduce a bill increasing congressional control over declassification, with particular attention to cases like Horman's. The law will create an independent board to review documents for declassification. The first head of that board, Goss hopes, will be Moynihan. —By Massimo Calabresi/Washington

Clinton's directive, not one on the Horman case. "They didn't comply," says a State Department official. Asked for an explanation, the CIA told TIME it would release some Horman documents in the future.

THE GORE CAMPAIGN

Out of Portugal, Questions for Coelho

VICE PRESIDENT **AL GORE** WAS TRYING to make a fresh start last week when he fired his pollster and began transplanting his struggling campaign from Washington to Nashville, Tenn. But on Saturday, Gore's operation was rattled again, this time by charges from the U.S. government.

The State Department Inspector



Tony Coelho

General found that Gore's campaign chairman, **TONY COELHO**, may have mishandled federal funds while serving overseas last year as the commissioner general of the U.S. pavilion at a Portuguese exposition. The I.G. found that Coelho approved "questionable payments" to a New York-based consultant and preferred a chauffeured limo to other forms of transport. Coelho, who has been Gore's campaign manager since May, resigned from Congress in 1989 rather than face an inquiry into a questionable business deal. Gore officials had no comment on the I.G.'s findings, which were first reported by the A.P. —By Michael Duffy/Washington

COLUMBINE

So Who Said Yes?

DOUBTS ABOUT COLUMBINE VICTIM **CASSIE BERNALL**'s last words aren't dampening sales of her mother's book, an account of the 17-year-old's journey from a problem youth to model Christian. *She Said Yes: The Unlikely Martyrdom of Cassie Bernall* sold 300,000 copies in its first three weeks.

CHRIS ZIMMERMAN of Plough Publishing House and **MISTY BERNALL** went ahead with the book even though the Jefferson County sheriff's office and the mother of another victim advised them that **DYLAN KLEBOLD** or **ERIC HARRIS** may not have asked Cassie if she believed in God just before she was fatally shot last April 20. The question may have been put instead to **VALEEN SCHNURR**, 18, who lay wounded under another table. She



Cassie Bernall

replied yes, she says. As the gunman reloaded, he asked, "Why?" "Because I do believe, and my mom and dad taught me to." The gunman then walked away. Witnesses may have

confused Cassie's and Valeen's voices.

Schnurr's mother says that last June she asked Zimmerman to hold the book until more facts were known. He demurred: "The Bernalls and I were aware of the discrepancies, and we went back and talked to witnesses again and resolved those." The Bernalls intend to distribute some book profits to local church youth groups and a scholarship fund. —By Dick Woodbury/Denver

THE DRAWING BOARD



Cartoon by Mike Luckovich for TIME

Komedy Kolumn

IT WAS A SAD DAY FOR COMEDIANS WHEN Dan Quayle dropped out of the presidential race last week, so we asked some to give us one last favorite Quayle joke.



Dan Quayle withdrew his hat from the ring, and he is most upset that the little propeller on top of it broke. —David Brenner



Dan Quayle dropped out of the presidential race after his poor showing in the Iowa straw poll where he finished eighth ... behind straw. —Jon Stewart



I was going to vote for Quayle, you know, because I'm a comedian, and nothing could be funnier than that. —Wendy Liebman



Dan Quayle dropped out. He said that it was all about the money. "George W. Bush has raised \$40 million. I've raised \$4 million. You do the math." That's what I love about Dan Quayle. You don't need a punch line. —Bill Maher



Dan Quayle is not worried. He has a new job. He has been appointed spokesperson for Cliffs Notes. —Kate Clinton



Yeah, I heard he wanted to try to break into Hollywood. Said something like, "I'm gonna be the next Warren Beatty. Oh, wait." —Lynn Harris



Going South

AL GORE'S CAMPAIGN DEPARTS WASHINGTON this week for Nashville, Tenn., leaving the power suits for the city where glitter and cowboy boots are always in style. Shrewd politics. Here's what the campaign gains from the move from 2131 K Street, Washington, to 1800 Church Street, Nashville:



ADVANTAGE	WASHINGTON	NASHVILLE
Comparable power-lunch options:	The Palm, Capital Grille	Sunset Grill, Capitol Grille
Gore-friendly media:	Washington Post anti-Gore headlines in September: 11	Tennessean anti-Gore headlines in September: 1
At time of move announcement, a more winning NFL team:	The Redskins were second in their division	The Titans were leading their division
Lower overhead like rent:	\$30 to \$50 per sq. ft.	\$18 to \$20 per sq. ft.
Almost as much culture:	Kennedy Center, Smithsonian Institution, Vietnam War Memorial	Grand Ole Opry, Country Music Hall of Fame, Parthenon
But less slacking off:	Nearest Starbucks is 2½ blocks from office	Nearest Starbucks is two miles from office
Emergency FedEx:	Open until 8:45 p.m.	Open until 10 p.m.
Better-looking potential celebrity recruits:	Mike Tyson, Willard Scott, Robert Duvall	Garth Brooks, Reba McEntire, Donna Summer, Luke Perry, Ashley Judd

BODY POLITIC

MY SEAT IS BIGGER THAN YOURS In Talk magazine, Arnold Schwarzenegger toyed with the idea of running for Governor of California. If he ever does, he'll face a tough race—and some buff fellow Governors. Who's most macho?



JESSE VENTURA, 48, Minnesota
PROS 6 ft. 4 in., 250 lbs.; former Navy SEAL and pro wrestler; was nicknamed "The Body"; unofficial state slogan: "My Governor can beat up your Governor."
CONS Wore pink tights and a feather boa; now called "the Mind."



GARY JOHNSON, 46, New Mexico
PROS Will compete in Ironman Triathlon in Hawaii on Oct. 23 for third time; summited Mount McKinley; rode bike across New Mexico five times; hang glided off a 10,000-ft. mountain; nicknamed "Ironman."
CONS 6 ft., 168 lbs.; slogan: "People before politics"; never on record as having pummeled anyone.



ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, 52, California
PROS 6 ft. 2 in., 215 lbs.; former Mr. World, Mr. Olympia and Mr. Universe; reported to have pumped 100 tons in a day; drives a Harley-Davidson; can't do comedy; quips that putting milk in coffee is for "wusses."
CONS Occasional flare-ups of arthritis; has had heart surgery; favors Hawaiian shirts; unofficial slogan "Hasta la vista, baby!" now used mostly for comic effect.

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THE POWER OF CARING

Chris Spielman's Family Tackles Breast Cancer

On Race for the Cure day in May, former NFL line-backer Chris Spielman and wife Stefanie hosted a party at their Columbus, Ohio, home, celebrating not so much Stefanie's completion of the 5K run but that she was around to participate at all.

Last year Stefanie was diagnosed with breast cancer, had a mastectomy and underwent six months of chemotherapy. Chris, a four-time Pro Bowler, sat out the season to care for his wife and their kids, Madison, 5, and Noah, 3. (Due to risks associated with a previous vertebrae condition, he retired for good in August after trying a comeback with Cleveland.)

"It's impossible to go through an experience like Stefanie and I did and stay the same," he says. "You have two choices: You can fold the tent or fight. People either fall apart or get stronger and closer. Fortunately, our family bond grew."

Chris shifted his passion for football into researching breast cancer. He consulted doctors, books and the Internet, put Stefanie on a nutritional regimen and shaved his own head when chemotherapy made her hair fall out. Now she's cancer-free.

Stefanie says breast self-examination and early detection saved her life. The Spielmans spread the self-exam message and share their experience as spokespeople for the NFL's breast cancer awareness campaign. The NFL is a national sponsor of the Race for the Cure series run by the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation, which has raised more than \$200 million to combat a disease that afflicts one in nine American women. In Columbus, Stefanie served on Komen's Pink Ribbon Panel, a group of local survivors who promote



"People either fall apart or get stronger and closer. Fortunately, our family bond grew."

attendance and sponsorship of the race.

Komen founder Nancy Brinker calls the Spielmans' example "sensitive and powerful" and lauds them for reaching a new audience: female fans of a male-dominated sport.

The couple has also created the Stefanie Spielman Fund for Breast Cancer Research (for info, visit www.jamesline.com), benefiting Columbus's James Cancer Hospital, where she was treated. Through a local grocery store promotion, community projects like a youth football tournament and dona-

tions from across the country, the fund has raised more than \$360,000. The grocery store promotion will be renewed in October for National Breast Cancer Awareness Month.

The Spielmans' fund—and their advocacy—is a lifetime commitment. "Almost everyone I know or talk to has been affected by cancer—particularly breast cancer—somewhere down the line, be it themselves, a family member, a friend, a friend's mother," Chris says. Adds Stefanie, "We can't turn our backs because awareness and research could save my life, it could save my daughter's life, it could save my neighbor's life."

At their race-day party, dubbed Celebrate Life, the Spielmans hosted their neighbors, family and friends, and even Stefanie's doctors and nurses. "We wanted people to know how much we appreciate them," she says, "and want them to live each day to the fullest, as we are from now on." —E.J. McGregor

For information or contributions, write The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation, 5003 LBJ Freeway, Suite 250, Dallas, TX 75244, call (972) 855-1600 or visit www.breastcancerinfo.com.

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JOEL STEIN

My Mother, the Bride

"VE GOT ENOUGH WEDDINGS TO GO TO. BUT AS MUCH AS my gut told me to skip this one, I just couldn't find a tactful way to turn down the invitation to my mother's wedding last month. Especially after I had gone to my father's wedding three years ago. After a divorce, parents get competitive for your attention that way.

Children of prior generations didn't get to go to formal events for their parents, other than funerals. So, by comparison, I guess I'm lucky. And I've developed key coping mechanisms, like buying presents that can't be kept in their home to remind me of my complicity in the union. Things like theater tickets or a gift certificate to a restaurant fit into this category. My mom's suggestion, that we chip in for a Jacuzzi, did not.

I've also learned that unlike at a friend's wedding, it's a bad idea to get drunk and hook up with guests, because of the preponderance of cousins. In some ways, though, your mom's wedding is better. When a friend asks you to recite something at the service, you can't say no. But when your mom asks the family to read a poem, you can get out of it by persuading your little sister to say she's afraid of public speaking. At first I wasn't sure exactly why reading at the ceremony seemed so dreadful. Then she showed me the poem. It turned out my fear had to do with the fact that my mother has terrible taste in poetry. She has a Robert Fulghum poster in her house.

My mother either sensed my discomfort or was just really mad about the poem thing, because she sat me at a table as far away from her as possible. This helped keep me from hearing the speeches, the theme of most of which seemed to be

how she was never happier in her life. It was during these speeches I discovered that if I took big enough bites of bruschetta, I couldn't hear a thing.

I also couldn't see much. Which was good, because my mom wore a backless dress. Every other bride wears bows and bustles and basically a 3-to-1 ratio of fabric-to-woman, but my mom was bent on destroying my theory that this was one of those nursing home-companion marriages. I realized after seeing all that exposed flesh that there was no way Pamela Anderson's kids would grow up to be O.K.

I did hear enough to learn that my mom, who'd already changed her name three times, is now Roz Leszczuk, which sounds like a felled Romanian dictator. It made me sad to realize that my mother was now part of a family that was not only separate from mine, but whose members might expect me to remember their birthdays. Plus there's something depressing about realizing you'll never be able to pronounce your own mother's name.

I want to make it clear that I like Mr. Leszczuk. I also want to make it clear that it's not funny to refer to him as my "stepdad." My 15-year-old cousin Adam insisted on saying things like "So, does your stepdad let you have girls over?" I wondered if his hostility came from my having eaten his bruschetta. At the brunch, I discovered I was going to have to speak after the slide show. A slide show that was accompanied by *Unforgettable* and, I'm pretty sure, included some photos that cropped out my father.

The truth is, I'm happy for my parents. I'm glad they found people who love them. After all, it's not like I'm going to take care of them when they get old.



FALL BACK



CAPE FEAR The evergreen fashion conundrum: Will it be passé before you pay for it? Last year's shoulder-hugging shrug is as good as donated. This season the cape is back, but not as we knew it: ponchoesque, snug, midriff baring (perfect for that elusive frozen-tummy, toasty-collarbone feel). There's even a summer cape. Trade it in for a new shrug come next year.

FORWARD MARCH

ELEMENT OF SURPRISE

The European Court of Human Rights ruled that Britain's 30-year ban on homosexuals in the military was unlawful. A look at military policy around the globe:



No ban, but keep it out of the barracks
France, Spain, Belgium, Canada, Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands
No ban, but no gays in leadership roles
Germany

Exempted from mandatory service
Italy, Finland, Taiwan, Greece
Don't ask, don't tell
U.S.
Can't serve because of untreatable disease
Chile
Banned Turkey
Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Venezuela
No such thing as gay
Japan, Russia, China

MILESTONES

AILING. DUDLEY MOORE, 64, puckish composer and star of *Arthur*; of progressive supranuclear palsy (PSP), an incurable brain disorder similar to Parkinson's disease; at a rehabilitation center in West Orange, N.J.

ARRESTED. LAWRENCE MICHAEL LOMBARDI, 41, unemployed white father of two, suspected in two recent bombings at the predominantly black Florida A&M University; on a bomb-manufacturing charge; in Tallahassee, Fla.

RELEASED. KATHERINE ANN POWER, 50, former student radical; after serving six years in prison for manslaughter in the 1970 death of police officer Walter Schroeder during an armed bank robbery; in Framingham, Mass. Power, who drove the getaway car, spent 23 years underground and surrendered in 1993.

AWARDED. To GUNTER GRASS, 71, provocative German writer whose explorations of his country's torturous century established him as one of the most esteemed voices of the postwar era; the Nobel Prize for Literature; in Stockholm. The jury pre-

dicted that Grass's *The Tin Drum* (1959) would become "one of the enduring literary works of the 20th century."

DIED. JUDITH EXNER, 65, rumored former mistress of John F. Kennedy and Mob boss Sam Giancana; of breast cancer; in Duarte, Calif. A sometime Rat Pack associate, Exner claimed to have been a conduit between Kennedy and Giancana.



DIED. DONALD SANDERS, 69, G.O.P. staff lawyer for the Senate committee that investigated Watergate, who uncovered the existence of Nixon's White House tapes; of cancer; in Columbia, Mo. During a slow-going interview with Nixon aide Alexander Butterfield, a persistent Sanders asked if recording devices were ever used. "I wish you hadn't asked," Butterfield said, "but yes."



DIED. OSEOLA MCCARTY, 91, folk heroine; in Hattiesburg, Miss. (see EULOGY).



NUMBERS



\$72,826 Average campaign cash Bill Bradley is raising per day, based on the past three months

\$70,652 Cash Al Gore raised per day in the past three months

\$206,522 How much George W. Bush is raising per day



60,000 Number of extra copies of José Saramago's novel *Blindness* printed after he won the Nobel for Literature last year, up from 15,000

1,007,000 Number of extra copies of Janet Fitch's *White Oleander* printed after it was selected for Oprah's book club, up from 13,000



60 Miles off course NASA's lost Mars orbiter went when English measurements were erroneously read as metric

35 Pounds of uranium believed to have been added to a tank of nitric acid—seven times the safety limit—causing a nuclear accident in Japan

61 Percentage of Americans who say their decision-making ability suffers after a bad night's sleep

Sources: Federal Election Commission; TIME reporting, A.P.; National Sleep Foundation

EULOGY

One Sunday morning in 1995, the front page of my local newspaper carried the story of an 86-year-old African-American woman. She had spent her life taking care of ill family members and working as a laundress, and had decided to give away \$150,000 of her life savings. OSEOLA MCCARTY wanted to give someone else an opportunity she had never had. I became the first recipient of the Oseola McCarty Scholarship at the University of Southern Mississippi. Her act was not a quest for fame. The gift was genuine good old-fashioned kindness that perfectly reflected the kind of person Miss Ola was. This small, quiet lady, who became another grandmother to me, lived a very simple life of charity. Miss Ola was



good people with good intentions still exist. I hope to live a life comparable to hers.

—STEPHANIE BULLOCK, U.S.M. graduate student

By Harriet Burwick, Val Cantosavio, Matthew Cooper, Autumn De Lave, Lisa Lefara, Osea Philanthropia, Chris Taylor

California thought it was electing a timid, inoffensive Governor. Instead, Gray Davis is knocking heads, even passing HMO reform

By STEVE LOPEZ SACRAMENTO

NATIVE CALIFORNIANS LEARN AT an early age that it's impossible to explain the place to the rest of the world, so why bother? Nobody believes it when Californians say they don't sit around worrying about earthquakes and mudslides; that they don't care when two professional football teams leave the state's largest city inside of three months; or that in the world capital of nutcase extremists, the guy who really seemed like an odd duck a year ago was Gray Davis, a nerdy gubernatorial candidate who claimed he would govern from the center, of all places.

California has the highest and lowest elevations in the Lower 48, more rich people than anywhere else and more poor people too. Physically and cosmically, it is the fringe. So it was only natural that some natives were skeptical down to their thongs about a plodding career politician who claimed to be a moderate. But nine months into his first term, it appears that the New York City native wasn't lying.

When Davis signed a head-turning bipartisan health-care-reform package into law last week—one that, among other things, expands coverage to include breast cancer and mental illnesses like schizophrenia and bipolar disorder, creates a panel to review denial of coverage and gives patients the right to sue HMOs that don't make "the health of the patient the bottom line"—he established what could become a national standard by which to judge reform in this area.

He also capped a string of successes that required knocking heads in Sacramento and left both Democrats and Republicans crying in the aisles, wondering what happened to the mousy pencil sharpener who was long ridiculed for having the perfect first name and a series of those anonymous government jobs like lieutenant governor and controller, which are somewhat like assistant manager at the K Mart. "It was 'My way or the highway,'" says a Democratic legislator who had run-ins with Davis early on and found out that the buttoned-up, innocuous-



THE FEAR GOVERNOR

I O N

MOST LESS IN AMERICA

THE KEY TO GRAY "Sharks are gray too, aren't they?" asks Representative Ellen Tauscher, an admirer of Davis

looking Davis could cuss like a sailor. "Sharks are gray too, aren't they?" asks an admirer, Democratic Congresswoman Ellen Tauscher.

California's lefty Democrats whined that Davis abandoned them just when they could have steamrolled Republicans, with a majority in both houses along with the top job in the state for the first time in 16 years. Republicans carp about his grabbing headlines for initiatives set in motion by Republican predecessor Pete Wilson. Ticking off both parties while at the same time shaming them into action is the triple crown of non-partisan, post-impeachment politics. But being in the middle isn't necessarily easy. It's like standing on a highway median strip—every time you step into traffic, someone is gunning for you.

"I suspect voters are not looking for rigid ideology when they vote for Governors," Davis told *TIME* one recent afternoon in his office, where he was meticulously reading every word of the 842 bills that sat in a box before him, often exasperating staff with brainiac questions about missing segments of earlier drafts. "They want someone who will get things done."

Assault weapons and "Saturday-night special" bans hailed as the toughest in the nation? Done. On-time budget? Done.

A controversial compact with 59 California Indian tribes restoring some casino-gaming rights that had been lost in a state supreme court decision? Done.

His pet education-reform package, including peer review for teachers, beefed-up reading programs and a mandatory high school exit exam? Done.

Davis and the California legislature are putting on a clinic for the D.C. class, which can't agree on the time of day. Says Californian Leon Panetta, President Clinton's former chief of staff: "The public right now looks at Congress and sees a lot of meanness and partisanship and people behaving more like it's *West Side Story* than government by and for the people. So if a Governor comes along who looks as if he's trying to walk down the middle and get things done, that's something they could grow very comfortable with."

Davis' staff members develop ties when you suggest their boss is Clinton, the triangulator, but without the action pants. They'd rather throw Tony Blair's name on the table for the way Blair moved England's Labour Party to the center. Even the *Wall Street Journal* made that comparison last month, holding its nose and flattering the

THE PROBLEM WITH BRADLEY'S BIG IDEA

By JOHN F. DICKERSON WASHINGTON

FOR SOME TIME BILL BRADLEY HAD BEEN PROMISING SOMETHING big. While other campaigns parceled out policy papers, he vowed that his ideas would be truly profound. So last week Bradley launched his Zeppelin—a plan that could cost taxpayers \$65 billion annually to provide health insurance for most of the 45 million Americans currently without it. “Big problems require big thinking,” declared Bradley, dismissing Al Gore’s health-care proposal as “timid.”

Health care is the obvious issue to allow Bradley to make a splash. The number of uninsured Americans is the one social problem that has grown worse during the Clinton Administration. For a decade, the issue has offered both opportunity and peril to Democratic candidates. In 1991, it elected the Democratic underdog Harris Wofford to one of Pennsylvania’s U.S. Senate seats. One year later, Bill Clinton ran with it to the presidency. But the failure of the complicated plan that he and Hillary proposed con-

tributed heavily to the Democrats’ loss of Congress in 1994. This year’s Democratic presidential candidates have learned the lessons of that debacle, not demanding anything of employers and proposing, among other things, tax breaks rather than government controls as a way to shrink the ranks of the uninsured.

The plan that Gore unveiled in early September—more limited than Bradley’s—focuses on the elderly and children and attempts to cover no more than a third of America’s 45 million uninsured. Behind Gore’s plan is the recognition that in the special-interest thicket that is health care, you can make progress only by working to get coverage for one or two constituencies at a time. By contrast, Bradley’s goals are nearly as grand as Hillary’s: to impose unenforceable “mandates” on parents to provide their children with insurance; to expand Medicare benefits; and to offer subsidies so low-income adults can buy coverage from private insurers or join FEHBP, the government plan that covers federal workers.

If Bradley’s plan is a bold one, there’s another B word it also

Democratic Governor in the reluctant, quivering tone one might use to proclaim that prototypical exams, while unpleasant, can be a good thing.

“You can work with him, oh, absolutely,” says Republican state senator Jim Brulte. “On fiscal issues, he’s closer to us than to the Democrats.” And considering that Democrats now monopolize state government, it could have been worse, says assembly minority leader Scott Baugh. “He has tempered the insatiable appetite of the liberals.”

Well, not quite. California wouldn’t be California without someone like state senator Tom Hayden, the aging radical, pointing out that Silicon Valley zillionaires make in 15 minutes on the stock market what they pay their housekeepers in a year. The problem with Democrats moving to the center, says Hayden, is that the equity issue is off the radar screen.

“I never said I would solve every problem that existed when I walked in the door,” Davis responds, but his plan for have-nots is to figure out how to build better schools and keep the economy growing, and he says no two issues will get more of his attention in the coming months.

Very nice, but that’s more of a slogan than a vision, say killjoy Republicans like Brulte and Baugh. And even jealous Dem-

ocrats suggest—anonously—that Davis sees no further than to the bottom line of the latest poll that’s dropped under his nose. Once he tests the wind, “he’s great at splitting the difference and being in the middle for middle’s sake rather than because that’s where he wants to be,” says one Democrat.

If that is true, Proposition 187 might be Exhibit A. The intent of the voter-approved 1994 ballot measure was to deny state aid to illegal immigrants. Davis opposed it as lieutenant governor, and it was declared largely unconstitutional by federal courts. But its backers appealed, and this spring, Davis kept 187 alive by asking a federal court to send it to a mediator. “The obvious interpretation,” Pete Wilson, head cheerleader for 187, told the *Los Angeles Times*, “is that he is trying to have it both ways.”

Davis called his maneuvering the best

Two Fixes for Health Care

THE GORE PLAN

- Expands the current Children’s Health Insurance Program to guarantee access to affordable insurance for all children by 2005
- Allocates \$374 billion from the budget surplus to ensure the solvency of Medicare
- Gives 25% tax credits to small businesses and uninsured individuals to help purchase coverage

THE BRADLEY PLAN

- Mandates that all children have health insurance. Relies not on enforcement but on the “goodness of the American people”
- Subsidizes full coverage to lower-income adults and children and provides tax breaks for health-insurance premiums for all
- Provides access to the health-insurance system available to Federal Government workers



chance “for everyone to come out a winner.” There are, of course, no true winners in politics, which is the art of stealing more on Tuesday than you gave up on Monday. But Davis, who spent 26 years studying all the angles in local and state government, emerges on 187 and other issues as master of the three-wall bank shot. In August, the mediator basically junked 187, saying federal law already addressed the issues. Davis had effectively deflated the most divisive issue in recent state history.

Last week Davis again found a way out of a complicated political corner: he kept his pro-police record intact by vetoing a bill intended to discourage racial profiling in traffic stops. Davis said there was no need for state intervention because 30 law-enforcement agencies were already doing what the bill proposed. But he also ordered the California highway patrol to do the same.

brings to mind: blurry. To begin with, although the former Senator says he's still working on the fine print, most experts, including some who advised Bradley, agree that his \$65 billion-a-year cost estimate is too low. Worse, he expects to use the projected budget surplus to pay for it all but has no fallback plan in the event that the surplus does not materialize. Bradley also overpromises. The subsidies he would provide to the poor in many cases won't be enough to cover actual premium costs if he plans to make good on offering a choice between private insurance plans and the government-employee plan. Unless he increases the amount, further inflating the cost of his program, Bradley may not be able to cover as many of those low-wage workers as he claims, those for whom having to pay even a few hundred dollars would keep them from buying coverage.

Bradley assumes that among those not eligible for a subsidy, millions will buy insurance because his plan would give them a tax deduction for the amount they pay in premiums. That may be doubtful. Even after Bradley's tax break, a family of four

making \$50,000 would still have to find \$4,250 a year. On other questions, the Bradley team offers the most favorable interpretation—for instance, hoping that the federal health plan that now covers a relatively healthy middle-class work force will not see its costs go up with the arrival of poorer and potentially less healthy members.

For his part, Gore has said he too wants a change in health care, but he doesn't want this much change. What Bradley calls timid, Gore defines as responsible stewardship: insuring children with programs already in place while leaving money to shore up Medicare. So far, Gore has been as vague as Bradley on how much his proposals will cost, but he is correct to point out that Bradley's expensive plan, even if it could be paid for, doesn't seem to leave much money for fixing Medicare.

At the new Gore campaign headquarters in Nashville, Tenn., where the Vice President is moving his campaign, members of his team will be hard at work gathering a response to Bradley's first big policy salvo. Soon they are likely to have lots of colorful pie charts showing how the Vice President's policies will work out. Their efforts are a direct response to Bradley's momentum and money: the former Senator pulled even last week with the Vice President's once invincible fundraising machine. The Vice President, under assault, has also called for debates. They will be an opportunity "to rekindle the spirit of democracy," he says. It seems as if Al Gore is trying a little big thinking of his own. ■



And his health-care-reform bill, the result of several months of haggling with consumer advocates, health-care-industry lobbyists, legislators and policy people, left all parties pleased about some things, disappointed about others, but thrilled to have got the thing out the door. He and the legislative leaders managed, for instance, to craft language that would deter frivolous lawsuits—they would be allowed to go forward only when a patient could show he had suffered significant harm or significant financial loss—while holding health plans legally accountable for improper decisions. "Some elements we think are inappropriate or were taken to an extreme," says Walter Zelman, president of a trade group that represents nearly all the state's HMOs. "But there's no question the Governor sought to find a middle ground... and for the most part he did."

So who is this guy?

He is pro-choice and pro-death penalty. Pro-environment and pro-business. He's the only Democrat in his family and in his wife's too, and his mother Doris Morrell says she still doesn't know what went wrong with Gray. At least he hasn't been a spendthrift, she says proudly, since the day she scolded him for calling collect from Vietnam—Davis was a Bronze Star-decorated Army captain—before the rates went down at 5 o'clock. He is the Governor of Haight-Ashbury and Huntington Beach, which might as well be Jupiter and Mars. And if you don't play the middle in California, you can spend your days on nothing but hemp legislation or rolling back whatever barriers prevent oil drilling in Yosemite.

Some may have thought that Davis, as former chief of staff to Governor Jerry Brown, would have converted the entire state to windmill power by now. But when

Jerry was out walking the wing, Davis' job was to grab hold of the rudder. And so today, if the fact that Davis is eating a Balance bar while he pores over bills doesn't frame the picture for you, he suggests looking at his January state of the state address, which reads: "I don't really care which side of the aisle a good idea comes from as long as it will work."

He seems to feel roughly the same way about money, and has already squirreled away \$7 million in campaign contributions despite the fact that his next election is more than three years away. Huge chunks have come from law enforcement and California Indian tribes, each of whom would appear to have got nice air kisses in return. But Garry South, Davis' senior political adviser, says there's a long list of contributors who aren't very happy, beginning with the state teachers' union. The Governor's education-reform package offers a carrot-cash bonuses for teachers and schools that pump up test scores. But there's also a stick—negative teacher evaluations will be sent to local school boards.

"Campaign-finance reform has a nice and legitimate ring to it," says Davis, whose two primary opponents last year put up \$60 million together, almost all of it their own, against his \$10 million. "But it is also

CALIFORNIA VS. THE BELTWAY

In only nine months in office, Gray Davis has taken on both parties in pushing everything from gun control to education reform. Congress is lagging way behind.

A BUSY GOVERNOR

DO-NOTHING CONGRESS

HMO REFORM

■ Davis signed a health-care package that will give California's 23 million consumers the right to sue their insurers for damages, as well as to seek a second opinion when they refuse to pay.

■ Following the Senate's cue, House Republicans are trying to kill any reform that allows patients to sue HMOs. If a bill does pass, a final agreement between the House and Senate is unlikely.

BUDGET

■ Davis brought his balanced budget in two days ahead of schedule, the state's first on-time budget in six years. Although he labeled the budget "big-hearted," Davis angered his own party by cutting almost \$600 million in spending on health and welfare programs.

■ Congress couldn't make the Oct. 1 deadline for passing the bills that keep the government running, so it hit the snooze bar. The three additional weeks that legislators have given themselves are not likely to be enough.

EDUCATION

■ Davis moved along a number of reforms, including reducing class size, encouraging phonics-based reading, providing more money for textbooks and setting an academic-performance index that will rank schools and reward the good ones with extra state funds.

■ Congress has not doled out much new money but has passed a law that gives states more flexibility in spending their federal dollars.

GUN CONTROL

■ Calling it "the toughest gun-control package in the nation," the Governor signed bills that will strengthen the law against assault weapons, ban the production and sale of cheap "Saturday-night specials," limit gun purchases to one per month, require trigger locks and place tighter controls on the purchase of weapons at gun shows.

■ Months after the Colorado and Georgia shootings, the House and Senate are unable to agree on meaningful gun control.

an invitation to every Silicon Valley billionaire to spend his own money "to get elected in an effort to bury 'people who have devoted most of their lives to public service.'"

In Davis' case, that service began in 1967, when, with a history degree from Stanford and a law degree from Columbia, he pulled his ROTC duty. It was in Vietnam, he says, that he saw America for the first time, and it changed him. "I was really offended by the notion that this war was being fought largely by minorities and Southern whites," he said. Three years later, the whitest man in America was finance director for the mayoral campaign of a black man—Tom Bradley of Los Angeles. His next job was chief of staff for Jerry Brown, and Davis says he knew then that he wanted to be Governor. His mother traces the ambition back a little further, saying that at 11, Davis wrote a proclamation honoring his parents' anniversary and signed it Governor Joseph Graham Davis Jr.

"My office was 25 ft. from the Governor's office," Davis says of his chief of staff job in 1974. "It took me about a foot a year to get where I was going." Along the way, he had to develop some armor. He was seen by many as one of those hack career candidates, always angling for something, and few people saw a future for a guy who appeared to have taken the same personality course as Walter Mondale. "You had to be there as a friend to see how bad it was for him with all the ridicule [about his ambition]," says Lynn Schenck, a former Congresswoman who worked in the Brown administration with Davis and is now his chief of staff. "But I think it turned out to be a positive factor."

It was like spinach, and it turned a pencil-neck into a Popeye. Davis rolled to a 58%-to-38% victory last year and, while he can't be more than 140 lbs., he took the landslide as a mandate and has been throwing his weight around ever since. When actor Arnold Schwarzenegger recently told *Talk* magazine he could be interested in running for Governor in three years, Davis' communications director, Phil Tronstine, said, "That's fine. The Governor is thinking about starring in *Terminator 3*."

"People told me I never had what it takes," Davis said at a bill-signing stop in Silicon Valley, speaking with such emotion that it was clear his naysayers are not done paying for their sins. "They said I was used up, old news, roadkill."

And you can do one of two things when you meet resistance ... You either accept the verdict, or you fight back." He ought to start using his given name, Davis' mother says. Her boy ain't so gray, as it turns out.

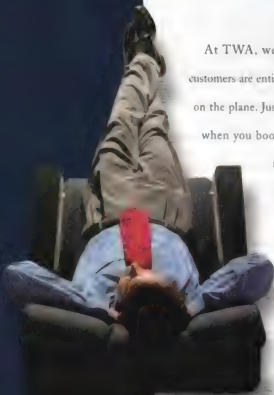


GARY DAVIS: JEFFREY MAYER

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Margaret Carlson

In the Name of Their Fathers

As famous sons, McCain and Bush reveal much about their character

AT DAWN ON THE DAY HE LAUNCHED HIS OFFICIAL presidential-announcement tour, Senator John McCain went home again to the U.S. Naval Academy, where he promised 4,000 cheering midshipmen that, win or lose, he would "keep faith with the values I learned here. I hope I make you as proud of me as I am proud of you." He sounded the same theme before a noontime crowd in Nashua, N.H., as he conjured up the moment when a President has to divine "the reasons for, and the risks of, committing our children to our defense." He reminded those gathered that "no matter how many others are involved in the decision, the President is a lonely man in a dark room when the casualty reports come in."

This is the marker McCain is laying down in his quest to be President: his life. He doesn't spell out that he knows what it is like to be that lonely man, having spent 5½ years as a prisoner of war in Vietnam, half of it in solitary confinement. His book, *Faith of My Fathers*, tells the story of how he aspired to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, both four-star admirals, and is No. 2 on the best-seller list.

His biography is a bayonet aimed straight at the candidacy of George W. Bush, who resembles more closely at times the indulged baby boomer who currently occupies the Oval Office than the restorative repository of moral authority he purports to be. In an interview with *Talk* magazine, he bragged about not liking to read heavy public-policy tomes and mimicked convicted killer Karla Faye Tucker's begging for her life on *Larry King Live* (which she never did). He then blew off his foreign policy shortfalls (referring to Greeks as "Grecians," confusing Slovenia with Slovakia) by suggesting he could hire people for that sort of thing. He recently boasted to a class in Bedford, N.H., that "some people are saying I prove that if you can get a C average, you can end up being successful in life." Even conservative columnist George Will has fretted publicly about Bush's "lack of gravitas...born of things having gone a bit too easily so far."

The difference between McCain and Bush is evident in how they have handled being the sons of accomplished men. Last Monday a powerful Republican former speaker of the house in Texas testified in an obscure lawsuit that he had pulled strings to get the young Bush into the state's Air National Guard, though he had not been directly pressured to do so by Bush's father. However he did it, Bush was able to avoid Vietnam, like so many sons of the well-connected, while McCain became a POW, having his teeth and head and broken bones smashed in until, fevered and racked by dysentery, he consid-

ered suicide. Imagine that this could all be made to stop by your father, the commander of the Pacific fleet, and that your captors were insisting you take early release. But McCain refused special treatment and spent another another 4½ years in prison.

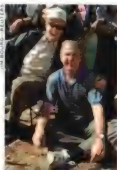
It's no sin to take Daddy's help, but Bush, who received it at every turn, concedes only grudgingly that his success had anything to do with it, saying "Being George Bush's son has its pluses and negatives." His father's name and connections were crucial, from his stake in the oil fields of Texas to his run for Congress to getting first crack at buying the Texas Rangers. If McCain's book is titled *Faith of My Fathers*, Bush's should be called *Friends of My Father*.

Bush provided fresh contrasts to McCain last week. While McCain blasted fellow Republican Pat Buchanan for arguing that America did not have to take on Hitler, Bush appeased him, explaining that "I need all the votes" he could get. While McCain says he is running "because I owe America more than she has ever owed me," Bush sometimes seems motivated by a need to redeem his father's defeat. He keeps bringing it up in a way that suggests it has been his life's deepest wound. Last Wednesday he said that Buchanan's 1992 candidacy

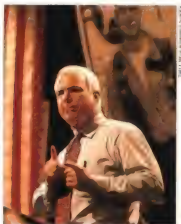
had had a role in derailing his father, and suggested that Ross Perot carried a "vendetta" against his family. In McCain's story his father comes across as a source of humility and as inspiration for public service. Bush, on the other hand, seems to have inherited his sense of entitlement from his father, and after the President's defeat, an ongoing personal cause.

A week ago Saturday, the Governor could be found with Dad at the Ryder Cup golf tournament, having skipped the tedium of the California Republican Party's convention. To spur the American team on to its jingoistic, fist-pumping victory, Bush gave a pep talk in which he compared the brave golfers fighting to win a noisome corporate-infested sporting event to the brave men who fought to save the Alamo—the use of the profound in service of the mundane.

McCain is no saint (he will tick off the reasons he isn't, if you don't beg him to stop), but he is the natural, solid alternative should there be second thoughts about Bush's pre-emptive coronation. Many people at the rally in Nashua clutched McCain's book and approached him for his signature with something like reverence. One man carefully removed his copy from a Ziploc bag to get the Senator's autograph, then carefully tucked it back in the bag. He didn't want any smudges or dog-eared pages. It's not a coffee-table book, but that's where he planned to display it. ■



LESSONS LEARNED: Bush at his father's knee, here at the Ryder Cup; McCain, in South Carolina, the former POW and son of an admiral



Garrison Keillor

Let Jesse Be Jesse ...

... Somewhere else. Minnesota wanted a Governor. Now we're stuck with him

HERE IN MINNESOTA, WE ARE CARRYING ON AN EXPERIMENT in democracy, having elected a Governor whom we can especially enjoy because only 37% voted for him and the rest of us are not responsible. This is something new in America, the ironic public servant.

Ordinarily a Governor is elected with 51% or 55% or (if he is young and has luminous children and his opponent is a pencil-necked geek) 60% of the vote, and two months after his Inauguration, he starts to brown around the edges and disillusionment sets in, starting with the people who once worshiped the ground he trod on and now see that, alas, he is a dumb cluck like everyone else and has no solutions for problems such as ignorance and cruelty and the aging process.

"Organized religion is a sham and a crutch for weak-minded people who need strength in numbers."

In Minnesota, our Emperor started out with no clothes at all. He came to us from a branch of the performing arts in which large men who resemble comic-book characters pretend to fight each other, so when he was inaugurated and did not appoint barflies and dope dealers to office but donned a suit and white shirt and horn-rimmed glasses and managed to sound half-smart about a third of the time, his approval ratings turned three sheets to the wind and have stayed that way ever since.

His success has been discouraging to people in politics, much as the success of *The Blair Witch Project* is discouraging to filmmakers: if the public embraces something so shallow and tedious, what future is there for the professionals? But the source of the man's strength is no secret. It is that he speaks plain English with none of the circuitous posturing and preening of public officials, who cannot give you the time of day without saying that time is a topic of great concern to them, as it is to all Americans, and that they have long devoted themselves to finding a solution for the chronic problem of time shortage. Governor Ventura just says it's 12 o'clock.

People are grateful for that, and surprised, and on the basis of this plain-spokenness, Ventura has leaped to national prominence, and deservedly so. He scorns the religious right and the war on drugs, which nobody else dares to do. He is hard as nails on the subject of campaign financing. He is brave in so many ways, and just when you

want to admire him, he shows his great capacity for silliness, and there is nothing more fatal in politics. I'm sorry, but it simply is true. Voters don't elect people to goof around.

This summer, after he told farmers he doesn't like to use the term farm crisis because it is too negative, Ventura, for a million dollars or so, climbed back into the pro-wrestling ring as a referee, to be among men strutting around the ring pointing at their butts and yelling butt-related words for the audience to yell back at them. It wasn't a proud moment for Minnesotans, especially if you made the mistake of watching. Then, in September, Ventura touted Donald Trump as a presidential candidate. Let's be clear about this: anyone who imagines Donald Trump in the White House has the brains of a stale bagel. Donald Trump makes Ross Perot look like a giant. Jesse Ventura was the first man, aside from the men in Mr. Trump's employ, ever to make this imaginative leap.

"[Pilots] are people who live on the razor's edge... they're not going to consider grabbing a woman's breast or buttock a major situation."

And now, this week, in an interview in *Playboy*, he talks about prostitutes and not wearing underwear and breasts, breasts, breasts, Sophia Loren's and his wife's, and how he'd like to be reincarnated as a 38-double-D bra, and he implies that groping women, Tailhook-style, is a prerogative of the warrior and says, in perfectly plain English, "Organized religion is a sham and a crutch for weak-minded people who need strength in numbers."

"It's good to be king. The best thing is that there's no one in this state who can tell me what to do."

So much for St. Thomas and Martin Luther.

Minnesotans are polite people who tend to deal with provocation by sidestepping it, ignoring it, chucking at it, trying to find a charitable explanation. But the Governor, in plain English, is a Yahoo who has never confessed to a single regret or second thought and who struts around St. Paul, a big small town, with a retinue of bodyguards, emitting a great air of celebrity, scorning the local press while courting the national media. People do their best to grin and go along with it, but eventually you have to tell him to shut the hell up. He isn't a danger to anybody. He's just big and loud and arrogant. He's a guy wearing a 38-double-D bra on his head, and all we needed was someone to run the government. ■



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A close-up photograph of a brick wall. The bricks are arranged in a traditional running bond pattern. The bricks themselves are a mix of light tan and dark brown colors, creating a textured, rhythmic pattern. The mortar joints are visible between the bricks. The lighting is even, highlighting the texture of the bricks.

The Bridge at No Gun Ri

Did panicky American G.I.s massacre Korean civilians at the beginning of the Korean War?

By MARK THOMPSON

THE SQUAT, TWIN-ARCHED CONCRETE bridge at No Gun Ri was built to span a small creek. But for a terrifying three days in late July 1950, it spanned a killing field. Last week the Pentagon was stunned by an Associated Press report, backed up by eyewitness accounts, that a frightened U.S. Army unit had killed as many as 300 civilians at No Gun Ri in the opening weeks of the Korean War. Such a bloodbath would rank as the century's second deadliest committed by U.S. troops, trailing only the 1968 My Lai massacre in Vietnam, where G.I.s killed up to 500 noncombatants.

Accounts of what happened at No Gun Ri, a hamlet some 100 miles southeast of Seoul, are hazy and conflicting. But taken together, they paint a picture of panic, fear, vague military orders and, finally, individual G.I.s struggling with the dictates of conscience. The Koreans under the bridge were part of a wave fleeing the North Korean army as it plunged southward in a month-old invasion of the South. North Korean infiltrators in civilian garb had been slipping through U.S. lines, guiding in artillery strikes and sniping at the retreating Americans. Days earlier, units of the 1st Cavalry Division had issued a chilling order. "No refugees to cross the front line. Fire everyone trying to cross lines," it said. "Use discretion in case of women and children."

SURVIVOR: Chun Choon Ja, below, near the bridge where she and other refugees sought protection from an earlier air raid. Above, the fateful order issued by the 1st Cavalry Division

G.I.s say a throng—including many women, children and old men—had sought protection under the No Gun Ri bridge from an earlier, perhaps errant, U.S. air raid. They had been pinned down for three days. U.S. forces at the bridge came under repeated enemy attack. The G.I.s regularly fired bursts over the heads of the cowering civilians. "But then we were ordered to kill them all," Edward Daily of Clarksville, Tenn., then a corporal in the 7th Cavalry Regiment's 2nd Battalion, told TIME. "So I lowered the barrel and kept firing."

Some veterans say the killing started on an order from their commander, Captain Melbourne Chandler (now dead), who

No refugees to cross the front line. Fire everyone trying to cross lines. Use discretion in case of women and children.

was acting on radioed orders from headquarters. "We were ordered to shoot and kill anything because a lot of them were North Koreans who might set up machine guns in rice paddies and shoot at us," says Delos Flint of Clio, Mich., then a private. Other members of the battalion say they fired in response to muzzle flashes from the darkened arches late on July 26.

Regardless of how it began, "all of a sudden, machine guns started firing into the crowd of people under the bridge," recalls George Preece of Dunnville, Ky., then a sergeant, who manned a machine gun on the railroad tracks at one end of the span. Several former soldiers said the firing con-

tinued unabated for 30 min. "They were hugging the concrete floor, and I could hear screams—of pain and horror—coming from women and children," Daily says. James Kerns of Piedmont, S.C., then a sergeant, was firing another machine gun, and says he deliberately aimed to miss. The 30-ft. arches of the bridge left plenty of room for that. "I'm positive I never hit anybody," Kerns says. Flint estimates that half the troops near him fired on the civilians, and half—including himself—refused. "I couldn't see killing kids," he says, "even if they were infiltrators."

The true death count remains uncertain. There were at least a couple of hundred lying in there," says Daily, who noted he was 150 yards away. But Kerns says he saw only eight to 10 bodies from 50 yds. away. The Koreans say 300 died in the attack, along with 100 killed earlier by U.S. warplanes.

How was such an atrocity possible? Experts cite an absence of discipline and experience among the Americans, who had been badly shocked by the North Korean assault. "The first U.S. units into Korea were not much more than a mob in uniform," says Bernard Trainor, a military scholar and retired three-star Marine general who fought there. "They'd frighten quickly, and when they'd come under fire, they'd panic." But there was far more terror under the arches. "It was the worst hell that I could imagine," says Park Sun Yong, who was 23 at the time. The creek ran red with blood. Park's two-year-old daughter and five-year-old son were shot dead; she was wounded. "I can never forget that," she told TIME last week. "Never."

Now it's the Pentagon's turn to remember. The A.P. revelations have sparked a U.S. military investigation that could last at least a year. In the end it might provide some measure of justice, if little solace, for some 30 survivors and families of the victims, Park among them. The group has been pressing a claim for compensation for years, only to be spurned by Seoul and Washington after cursory reviews. The new testimony by G.I.s who admit pulling the triggers may change things for them. But it will not change the infamy of the event, if the accusations are proved to be true. —With reporting by Stella Kim/Seoul



IN RETREAT: U.S. troops try to brake the North Korean advance in late July 1950





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BACK INTO THE INFERNO

Russia seems set to start a major ground war in Chechnya. It could be another disaster

By PAUL QUINN-JUDGE MOSCOW

IMAGINE LOSING THE VIETNAM WAR, then going back for a replay. That's what Russia appears to be doing in Chechnya. Three years after suffering one of the most humiliating defeats in its history at the hands of a small, improvised army of Chechen guerrillas, Russia last week was once again in a state of undeclared war with the mountainous republic. And the conflict is about to escalate dramatically. The first Russian ground forces have crossed the frontier, thrusting into two northern Chechen districts, while Russian commandos—the Spetsnaz—are reportedly moving into the northeast. In keeping with the best traditions of Soviet propaganda, Moscow announced that “the local people” in several Chechen districts are rising up against Islamic extremists. An estimated 50,000 to 60,000 additional Russian troops are massed on Chechnya's borders, awaiting the order to move. Overhead, Russian warplanes continued the systematic destruction of Chechnya's communications and bridges. Late last week Russian air force commander General Anatoly Kornukov said he needed a week to 10 days to finish his offensive.

Barring a sudden diplomatic breakthrough, a major ground war is about to explode. The Russian military has clamped tight censorship on its operations, but political leaders have difficulty containing their glee at the prospect of hitting back at the unruly, predominately Islamic state that has been infuriating them for the past five years. Officially, they have been goaded past endurance by alleged Chechen acts of terrorism, including the spectacular bombings of four apartment buildings in Moscow and elsewhere last month. But Chechnya's determination to secede from

Russia is equally a target. When asked about Russian incursions into Chechnya, Prime Minister Vladimir Putin, the latest in President Boris Yeltsin's revolving cast of legislative leaders, gave a sinister little smile and explained that the term incursion didn't apply. “We don't have a border with Chechnya,” he said. “Chechnya is part of the Russian Federation.” In the Chechen capital of Grozny, guerrilla leader Shamil Basayev displayed his own brand of black humor, calling for a massive hole to be dug in the Russian cemetery on the edge of the shattered city in preparation for a new pile of Russian corpses.

In Washington the Clinton Administration is following events with alarm. “We have asked the Russians to clarify their actions and intentions,” says State Department spokesman James Rubin, adding that the U.S. is urging constructive dialogue on both sides. The use of force, he says, “will make dialogue that much harder to occur.”

There was something wildly irrational in the Kremlin's thinking, starting with the notion that a second Chechnya war would be more winnable than the first one. Three years ago, a demoralized and disastrously led Russian army was savaged by Chechnya's hastily assembled guerrillas. The only obvious difference now is that there are more Chechen fighters. Since the bloody debacle of 1994-'96, the Russian army's disintegration has continued. Budget cuts and corruption have undermined its strength and reduced training to a bare minimum, while morale has dropped even lower. But by some bizarre process of mental alchemy, the top Russian brass feels it can get it right this time.

One reason for the stubbornness may be that the same military leadership is in charge in Moscow, and they claim to have learned from their previ-





CATASTROPHE A Russian helicopter crashes in a village near the Chechen border

ous failures. More important, they claim to have learned from NATO's almost casualty-free successes in Kosovo. Last week, before a blackout descended on military news, Moscow TV carried cockpit footage of a Russian smart missile destroying its Chechen target. It'll be a nice short offensive, General Valery Manilov of the General Staff declared cheerfully. If the troops move "energetically," he predicted, "we won't have to winter there."

Not many others are so optimistic. Russian critics of the military say the troops are moving into Chechnya too late in the year. Within a few weeks ground operations will be slowed by mud, then halted altogether by snow, while air operations will be hampered by low-hanging mists. "Military strategy says you should never, never initiate a ground operation with winter approaching," commented Alexander Zhilin, a former Russian fighter pilot and now a military analyst for the weekly *Moscow News*. "I am afraid there are going to be massive casualties." Former Prime Minister Sergei Stepashin, a hawk during the last war, is much more cautious. A ground offensive, he warned, could lead to "political catastrophe."

Russian commanders have, in fact, learned nothing at all since the first Chechnya war. Officers and NCOs who took part in battles last month against Chechen rebels in western Dagestan described their own commanders as corrupt, ill-organized and incompetent. Sources close to the Spetsnaz, the best-trained and most combat-experienced soldiers, say they lost officers to misdirected Russian "precision bombings" in Dagestan. They also speak of corrupt commanders who allowed Chechen leader Basayev to buy his way out of Dagestan after a failed offensive, and of helicopter-gunship crews who were bribed by the Chechens to hit empty slices of mountainside instead of guerrilla positions.

What's really driving the war machine is not military necessity or strategic calculation or even the fear of terrorist attack. It is the Kremlin's politics of survival. Russia's leaders are waging a war of succession, designed by Kremlin image-

THE COSTS OF INVASION

■ CURRENT

Bombing started after a series of terrorist blasts killed at least 300 people in Moscow and other Russian cities. So far, 90,000 Chechen refugees have fled into nearby republics

■ 1994-'96

The war was a political disaster for Boris Yeltsin, ending in de facto independence for Chechnya. Up to 100,000 civilians were killed in the fighting, along with more than 4,000 Russian troops

ON THE OFFENSIVE Russian forces move closer to the battlefield





ON THE RUN
Chechen
refugees
pour into
neighboring
Ingushetia

Russia will form a government of "healthy political forces," a Soviet-era term for puppets. This will probably be built around a handful of undistinguished former Chechen members of the Russian Duma who have been living in exile in Moscow. There will almost certainly be no room for current Chechen President Aslan Maskhadov, the former Russian army officer whom Moscow had once viewed as a moderate.

The plan is an amazing act of amnesia. Russia has never fully conquered the Caucasus in all its turbulent history. More often, its forces have ended up like a certain

makers to prove to the Russian electorate that Prime Minister Putin, a former KGB lieutenant colonel hastily slapped into office by Yeltsin two months ago, is a real man, capable of leading Russia as President when Yeltsin steps down next year. The Kremlin logic is clear: Putin fights a short, brilliant war, his popularity rockets, and Yeltsin backers pump millions of dollars into the presidential campaign. Putin is elected and protects Yeltsin's family and hangers-on from prosecution for corruption. Last week Yeltsin, once again invisible and by some reports dangerously ailing, sent out word that he fully approves of Putin's "decisiveness" in handling Chechnya.

So far the hard line is paying political dividends for Putin. But columnists and rival politicians have openly voiced suspicions about the official line that Basayev and his Jordanian lieutenant, Khattab, were behind the wave of apartment bombings. Even if Islamic extremists set off the blasts, skeptics say, the Russian "special services" may have guided their hand. In fact, Basayev has had a long and murky relationship with Russian intelligence. By one account he was paid by Moscow to lead a mercenary group during fighting in Abkhazia, one of the local wars that flared up in the south after the collapse of the Soviet Union. In a recent interview with *TIME*, Krasnoyarsk governor and presidential contender Alexander Lebed—who negotiated a peace deal with Chechnya in 1996—said bluntly that Basayev was a longtime KGB "informant" who, he added, retained "levers of influence" in Moscow.

But for now, the military mobilization appears unchecked. The invasion plan has been widely leaked to the press (thus giv-

ing the Chechens plenty of time to prepare). Russian troops are expected to take over the plains of northern Chechnya, dig in there, then continue south. They want to push the Chechen fighters into the mountains by the onset of winter and let them slowly starve—"put them through the deep freeze," says a military source. While the guerrillas are withering in the mountains,

Comrade Chernoglaz, a regional Communist Party chief in the 1920s. During a pacification campaign, he was ambushed and decapitated. At their trial, his killers were asked what had happened to Chernoglaz's head. "He had no head," they answered. "Otherwise he would not have tried to conquer us." —With reporting by Douglas Waller/Washington and Yuri Zarachovich/Moscow

An "Ice Head" as President?

FEW PEOPLE HAD VLADIMIR PUTIN marked down as top-leadership material before Aug. 9, when he was given the Prime Minister's job. The taciturn 47-year-old KGB man was then serving as head of the Federal Security Service. Among Moscow politicians, he was known in the criminal jargon that he favors as one of Boris Yeltsin's "ice heads," a ruthless enforcer of the President's will. That quality led to his new job, and it's leading the country into war.



Putin: Macho

Yeltsin has given Putin one mission: to become the next President. The assignment showed the desperation of Yeltsin and his small cadre of close advisers, known as "the Family." Corruption investigations are zeroing in on them, and the inner circle wants a man who can protect them once Yeltsin steps down

next summer. Normally, Yeltsin's endorsement of anyone would be a kiss of death, but if Putin can emerge as a plausible candidate, Kremlin backing will be worth its weight in gold—literally, for the Family has a formidable war chest at its disposal.

Accordingly, Putin was advised to work on his "young, tough" image, says a Moscow political insider. Putin has been spitting out macho sound bites, promising to hunt down terrorists even if it means catching them on the toilet. The public seems to like it. In mid-August, 5% of Russians trusted him, according to one poll. Now his rating stands at 23%.

If Putin stumbles, the Family has another favorite in the wings. Sergei Shoigu, head of the Emergency Situations Ministry. Even if the war gets bogged down, the Kremlin may feel it can declare a state of emergency, thereby canceling next year's elections. —By Paul Quinn-Judge/Moscow

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THE JAPAN SYNDROME

The nation's worst civilian nuclear disaster is only the latest in a long line of accidents

By TIM LARIMER TOKYO

THE FLASH OF BLUE LIGHT WAS THE first sign that something was horribly wrong. Three workers feeding uranium into a tank were jolted by the flash inside the JCO uranium-processing plant, 85 miles north-east of Tokyo. One of them was knocked unconscious. Within minutes, the others were nauseated, and their hands and faces were burned bright crimson. The way they had handled stainless-steel pails full of uranium 235 had caused the worst nuclear accident in Japan's history.

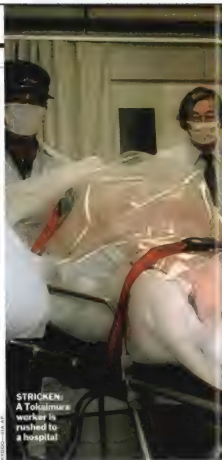
As the workers soaked up potentially lethal doses of radiation, still more leaked from the plant in Tokaimura, the hub of the Japanese nuclear power industry. Eventually, more than 300,000 people in Tokaimura and eight nearby towns were bunkered in their homes, waiting to find out how badly they were affected. Meanwhile, 28 million people in metropolitan Tokyo, downwind of the accident, wondered about their fate. As the hours ticked by, a plodding government dithered and displayed once again its inability to come to grips with a huge nuclear power industry riddled with safety flaws.

It wasn't Chernobyl and it wasn't Three Mile Island, but the accident was bad enough. Though authorities eventually gave the all clear, the full extent of the damage is unknown. But what made it most frightening was the amount of time that passed before anybody seemed to know just how bad

it was or wasn't. At one point, radiation levels a mile or so from the plant were 15,000 times higher than normal for an urban setting; 46 workers were exposed to dangerously high levels of radiation. U.S. and European experts said backup safety measures should have automatically shifted into gear to halt the disaster. But the facility, housed in a bland-looking white five-story building just 60 ft. from the nearest residential housing, apparently had no such safety precautions.

The factory, built in 1982, is part of the fuel supply line for an experimental fast-breeder nuclear power plant. It is where fissionable U-235 is combined with nitric acid to produce uranium dioxide, which is then combined at another plant with plutonium to produce the enriched uranium pellets used as breeder fuel. According to JCO, workers inexplicably mixed far more than the normal amount of uranium—35.2 lbs. instead of 5.2 lbs.—with the acid. Then they used stainless-steel buckets rather than pipes—again, inexplicably—to pour the liquefied uranium into the tank. The high concentration of uranium started the nuclear fission that normally occurs in power reactors. Power plants have equipment to moderate such chain reactions. Fuel-processing plants don't.

In the town of Tokaimura, none of the 33,900 residents could see the flash or know that radiation was escaping. Nor did they find out soon. Members of the Kawano family, who live in the vicinity, were drawing water from the family well to wash vegetables and brush their teeth.



STRICKEN:
A Tokaimura
worker is
rushed to a
hospital

Two hours after the accident, teenager Yoshitaka Nanbara wandered to a friend's house, just a few yards from the facility's back fence. The two youngsters spent an hour or so playing Biohazard on a Sony PlayStation. Loudspeakers mounted on telephone poles around the town, built to warn of nuclear disaster, were silent.

Tokaimura is a town that should be ready for nuclear accidents. It is home to 15 nuclear power facilities and has had three other nuclear accidents in the past four years. Yet three fire fighters who answered an emergency call at the plant misunderstood the reason. They thought someone was having an epileptic seizure and so didn't wear protective clothing. The Tokaimura town office didn't find out about the accident for almost an hour.

In Tokyo, Prime Minister Keizo Obuchi's office wasn't informed for five hours. It wasn't until late afternoon—more than five hours after the disastrous blunder—that local authorities evacuated 160

As Japan has
increased its
nuclear output ...



... its plants have
experienced a
series of setbacks



A Nuclear Powerhouse

After the oil crisis of the 1970s, Japan invested heavily in nuclear power. Its 52 nuclear power plants supply the country with about a third of its electricity.

• Sites with one or more plants



Countries with greatest installed nuclear capacity:



1. U.S.



2. FRANCE



3. JAPAN

Source: The Uranium Institute, International Nuclear Safety Center

residents to a community center. There, technicians in gray jump suits scanned bodies with wands to measure radioactive exposure. Chieko Kawano was told she shouldn't use her well water. "It's too late, you know," she replied. Later that evening loudspeakers in Tokaimura and eight nearby towns advised more than 300,000 people to stay inside, close their doors and seal their windows. "When we have more information, we will tell you," the announcer said. For the next 12 hours, there was nothing.

The next morning, neighborhoods around the plant looked like ghost towns. Train service in and out of the area was halted, and masked police officers in protective gear stopped motorists from entering. The country's leaders went on national TV to admit that they didn't know what was wrong or how to end whatever was going on inside the plant. More hours ticked by during which no one tried to stop the nuclear reaction. Finally, after almost 20 hours, the disaster was contained, and local residents

were told several hours later that they could go outside. Those living closest to the plant were still barred from returning home, and radiation testing continued. The fuel plant will be shut down indefinitely.

Once again the suspect safety record of Japan's nuclear power industry has been caught in a harsh blue glare. In a nation where memories of Hiroshima and Nagasaki are still painfully strong, and where earthquake faults run under much of the country, Japan still clings to an uneasy reliance on nuclear power. The country has 52 nuclear power plants, which supply more than 35% of the electricity demand. There are plans to build 20 more plants over the next decade. All of that would seem to demand ultra-strict safety standards. But the industry has been plagued by accidents, plant shutdowns, radiation leaks and cover-up attempts. And it still lacks adequate scrutiny.

Last July, after a leak at a reactor in Fukui prefecture, operators gave 90 visitors a tour outside the plant, even though

they hadn't found the source of the leak and didn't know the extent of the damage. Videotapes of another plant accident were tampered with by a plant official. In 1997 managers at another plant in Tokaimura tried to cover up an explosion that left 37 workers contaminated by radiation. The revelation prompted then Prime Minister Ryutaro Hashimoto to declare, "I am so angry, I cannot utter a word." But his apoplexy effected little change.

At Tokaimura last week, many residents soon shrugged it all off as a temporary inconvenience. But some worried. Satomi Akutsu, six months pregnant, waited as technicians checked her for radiation exposure. She was safe, for now. "I didn't know that this kind of factory was even here," she said. "I'm relieved we're O.K. But I want to move out of this place." The question was, to where? —With reporting by Dan Crary/Los Angeles, Donald Macintyre and Sachiko Sakamaki/Tokaimura and Dick Thompson/Washington

■ **1995:** On Nov. 20, a radiation leak at a Tokaimura plant, not far from the latest accident site, right, goes unreported to officials until much later



■ **1996:** On Dec. 24, a water leak at a plant in Tsuruga forces a shutdown
■ **1997:** On March 11, 37 Tokaimura workers are irradiated

■ **1997:** On April 14, a tritium leak exposes 11 workers to low-level radiation at a Fugen reactor. Eleven other leaks had occurred over the previous three years

■ **1999:** On July 12, 51 tons of primary coolant water leak at a Tsuruga power station. Officials say no radiation is released into the atmosphere

BOT TILL YOU D

By CHRIS TAYLOR

WHEN YOU'VE GARNERED A NET worth of \$7 billion, a 12-million-strong customer base and the success story of the '90s, you'd think you could afford to act mean to the other guy once in a while. Not Jeff Bezos. Rather than leaning Gates-like on his competitors, Amazon.com's entrepreneur extraordinaire last week issued them all invites to his party.

For one thing, you can now set up your own little e-commerce homestead on a corner of Amazon real estate called zShops. But much more important, Amazon's main

search tool—that little text box in the upper-left-hand corner of the home page—has started pointing customers toward sites other than its own. "Think of a small-town merchant who suggests you might try someone else down the street," says Bezos, with his trademark earsplitting laugh.

Nice guy, huh? Nah. Killing the competition with kindness is more like it. For Bezos has long realized what Wall Street seems to have just awakened to: you can't stick around on the profit margins of a bookstore, or even a book-CD-video-toys-electronic store with the odd auction thrown in (which last year had sales of \$1 billion and zero earnings as usual). To stay ahead of the curve, Amazon needs to build the ultimate e-commerce portal: the holy grail: the must-have home page for all online

shoppers. And for that you need a shopping agent.

Shopping agents, better known as bots, are practically prehistoric in Internet terms. They've been around in one form or another for four years. Their basic purpose is to search the Web and compare all the prices you can possibly pay for the same item, making you an expert bargain hunter in a single click. Once considered a threat to e-business—after all, sellers benefit when the consumer has incomplete knowledge of prices—bots are now on the buying list of every major player in the Internet industry. They're into their second generation and much improved. And they have gone mainstream.

"At first, store owners were very concerned that if their prices



ROP

weren't low, people wouldn't buy from them," says Marcus Zillman, who tracks and lists electronic agents at botspot.com. "That hasn't happened. Mainly, the shopping bot allows people to focus on what they're looking for."

How much do the big guys want this technology? Check out the balance sheet. Firefly, one of the earliest bots, was swallowed by Microsoft for an undisclosed sum last year, as was CompareNet.com six months ago. Excite snapped up Jango.com for \$35 million in stock. Lycos employs the services of a bot start-up called Frictionless.

And just over a year ago, Amazon shelled out \$180 million for a price-comparison site called jungle.com. They tinkered around with its virtual database technology until relaunching it last week as the more prosaically named All Product Search. Wall Street was buying, sending Amazon's stock up 23%, to \$80.75, in a day.

But the trouble with bots that get sold to big corporations, not surprisingly, is that they tend to get a little compromised. In jungle's case, the ability to compare prices at other book

Every e-commerce website needs a bargain-hunting shopping agent. Just ask Amazon.com

sites seems to have disappeared. Type in Tom Clancy in Amazon's All Product Search, and there's no danger of your buying *Rainbow Six* from Barnes and Noble or Borders.

How can Bezos get away with that? Because he believes most nonproprietary shopping agents aren't yet ready for prime time. But there's a whole host of cool new bot technologies out there that may force Amazon to think again. Take mySimon.com, the most successful of the independent bot sites. It's about to start a service that will e-mail you whenever any online merchant lowers its price for a particular item to an amount you're willing to pay. Feeling fru-

gal about that \$150 pair of binoculars? No problem; sit back and wait until the market takes it down to \$99. Then jump on it. (As you would expect, there are auction bots that do exactly the same for eBay and its clones.)

Pretty neat, you think? Just wait until the third generation of shopping agents moves out of the lab. Even now, folks at M.I.T. and IBM are preparing for a world in which every transaction becomes a complex trade deal between a pricing bot acting for the site and a shopping bot acting for you. "Dynamic pricing, that's the big notion," says Professor Pattie Maes, director of the software-agents group at the M.I.T. media lab. "After all, fixed prices have been around only for a couple of hundred years."

What Maes predicts, you had better believe. After all, she was the pioneer of the earliest shopping-bot technology known as collaborative filtering, which became popularized as Amazon's ubiquitous "people who liked this product also bought X" link. Now she's helping to bring us an e-commerce

world based on the Price-line.com model—in other words, every seller will act like an airline with constantly changing pricing and the ability to negotiate. It's auto haggling.

This bot-driven universe won't arrive until a few kinks have been ironed out. Right now, says Jeff Kephart, manager of the agents and e-merchant phenomena group at IBM, price bots don't understand that undercutting your competitor is not always smart. "This gives rise to price wars," says Kephart, who in tests has

watched the sell bots give the store away in a competitive frenzy. "They're pretty dumb," he notes. "We have to give them a sense of anticipation."

Which means that Bezos can breathe easily for the moment. However, most up-and-coming bots have just the sort of customizable features that made his site such a hit. You will, for instance, be able to tell your bot to transact only with companies that offer two-year-warranties or free shipping or that don't run sweatshops in Malaysia.

Still, more than most, Bezos is likely to adapt to this brave new bot world. He understands its fundamental creed. "The balance of power online fundamentally shifts from merchants to consumers," he says. Indeed, thanks to shopping bots, the party won't just be at his place anymore. ■

WEB SHOPPING, HASSLE-FREE

■ FIND A GOOD BOT Try independent agents like

MySimon.com or bottomdollar.com. Be wary of bots owned by sites that want to sell to you

■ TELL IT WHAT YOU WANT Type in anything, from the exact name of a product to a vague description, or browse categories

■ SORT SEARCH RESULTS Click PRICE, which will organize from cheapest to most expensive. Watch out for hidden costs like shipping and handling

■ GET A SECOND OPINION No shopping bot is infallible. Sometimes pricing data isn't up to date. Check out two bots, and double your chances of a bargain



Worried About the Dollar

A fast-falling greenback is a serious threat to the market and the economy

By ADAM ZAGORIN WASHINGTON

GETTING NERVOUS? IN THE PAST two weeks, the Dow Jones industrial average has fallen 529 points, a drop of nearly 10% since its August peak, punctuating a dismal third quarter. Investors are hoping—praying might be a better word—that Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan will decide against the third interest-rate hike of 1999 when the central bank's Open Market Committee meets this week.

Much of the trouble stems from a single concern: the weakening U.S. dollar. The greenback had been the strong, silent type for the past six years, making European vacations and Japanese electronics cheaper, while at the same time attracting foreign capital to the U.S. stock-and-bond markets by the trillions. Although the dollar's decline amounts to only 3% against major currencies like the euro, it is off nearly 15% against the Japanese yen since March.

Why should we care? Because if the buck falls out of bed, there's trouble ahead. Consumers will have to pay more for imports, which can light a fire under inflation. Imports make up more than 17% of all consumer goods bought in the U.S., or \$407 billion, up from only 5.4%, or \$19.2 billion, in 1970.

The economy looks pretty healthy until you think about the \$1 billion Americans borrow from abroad—each day—to support their big appetite for foreign stuff. Result: this year's current-account deficit, which measures the gap in both trade and investment flows, is headed for \$300 billion, up from \$155 billion in 1997. That is worrisome to Joel Prakken, chairman of Macroeconomic Advisers, a St. Louis, Mo., forecasting firm, who says, "U.S. indebtedness is growing more than three times faster than the economy, and that can't be sustained."

That has the market spooked too. Foreigners have been taking the dollars they

The Dollar Is Down ...

Its luster is gone as foreign investors view the yen and euro as better deals



... and Imports Are Up

Americans will pay more for foreign goods, which adds to inflation



get as payment for goods and services and investing them in U.S. stocks and bonds. If the dollar continues to droop, they may be tempted to move their cash to currencies on the upswing, like the euro and, especially, the yen. That would drive the U.S. market lower. The more apocalyptic bears fear something worse. Because foreigners hold almost 40% of U.S. Treasury securities, any pullout would risk a spike in interest rates that would ultimately slaughter the bull market.


The dollar's plight is the first major challenge for Treasury Secretary Larry Summers. 44, the economist who succeeded Robert ("Just Right") Rubin three months ago. Summers' mantra—"A strong dollar is in the national interest of the United States"—was the same one repeated for six years by Rubin, a period during which the Dow rose a mountainous 7,000 points. In contrast, the as yet brief Summers era has seen the index drop some 900 points. But Summers says his focus is on "the fundamentals," such as creating a budget surplus, which he argues is best for both the economy and the markets.

Since the U.S. economy remains basically strong, Treasury officials say the rising yen is Tokyo's issue. And they've convinced Japan's major trading partners of that, not to mention the government of Prime Minister Keizo Obuchi. Everyone, that is, except Masaru Hayami, chief of Japan's central bank, who late last month got into a public spat with Tokyo's powerful Ministry of Finance because the Bank of Japan refuses to lower interest rates or print money to bring the yen back to earth.

For Japan, a weak dollar and a powerful yen are a decidedly mixed blessing. Yen strength amounts to a vote of confidence in the Japanese economy, which, after a decade-long slump, is at last beginning to show signs of life. The renewed activity has sucked in U.S. and other foreign money for 33 of the past 35 weeks, driving up the Nikkei stock market average some 25% so far this year. The problem is that Japanese corporate profits are also heavily dependent on exports, which can rapidly become too expensive for foreign consumers as the yen appreciates.

Indeed, big exporters like Mitsubishi and Bridgestone have begun to complain publicly that Japan's currency is too strong. Sony recently blamed a profit slump on the yen as well. For the U.S., nearing the longest expansion in history, some cooling of growth is inevitable. An accompanying step down by the dollar may even be beneficial, just as long as it doesn't lose its footing entirely. —With reporting by

Bernard Baumohl/New York



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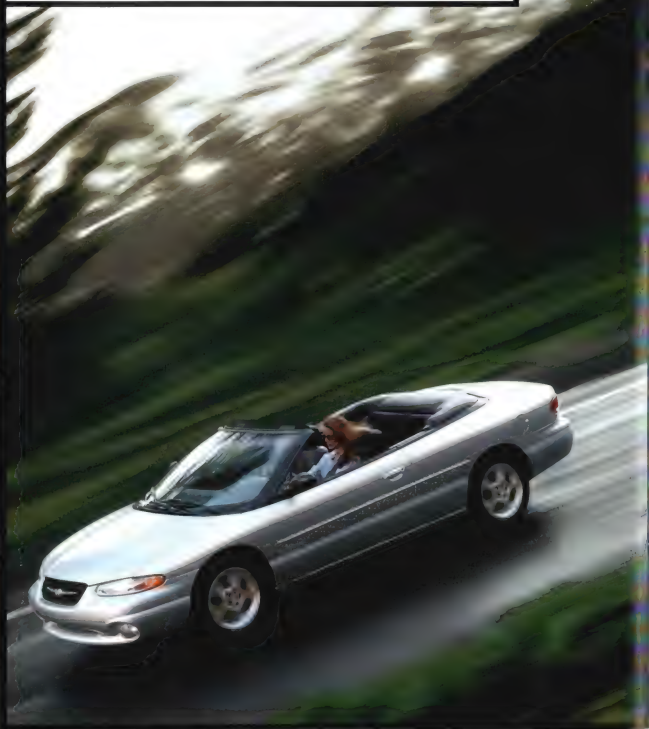
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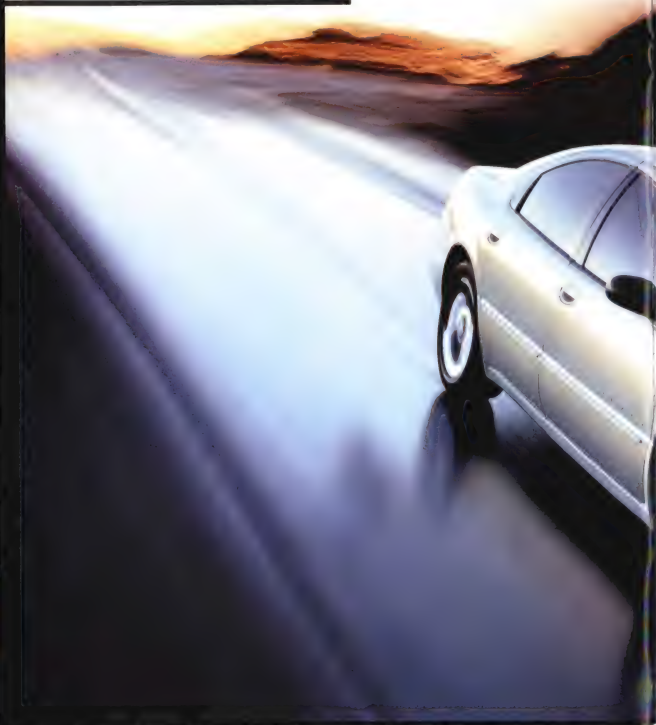
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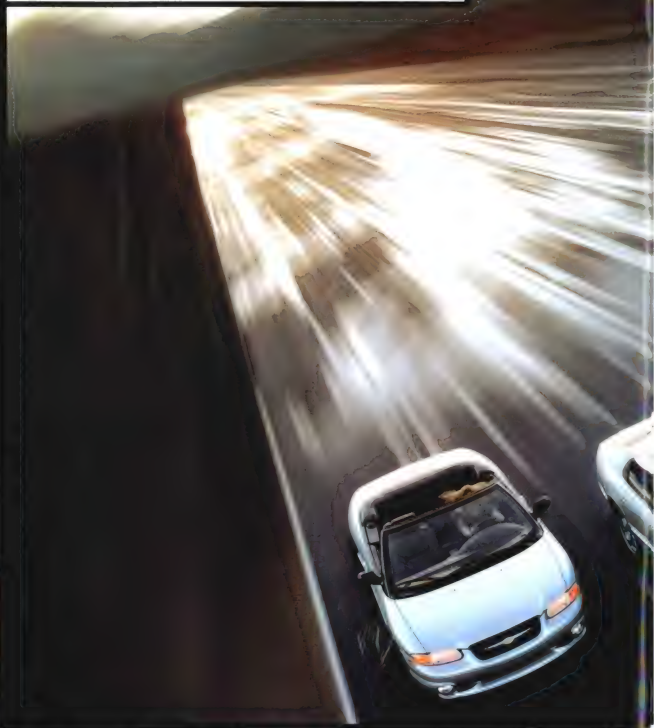
Its ancestors conquered Daytona, shattering conventions as they broke speed records. More than 40 years later, the legend of the original an all-aluminum 253 horsepower engine that is (once again) the most powerful in its class. And, while 300M shares a bloodline with the




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Puff Granddaddy

Arista's Clive Davis is ancient by hip-hop standards, but his bottom line is phat

By DAVID E. THIGPEN

IN THE GRUNGE-STUCK '90S, WHEN record-industry sages were trumpeting Nirvana and the flannel-clad hordes from Seattle as the next big thing, Arista Records president Clive Davis made a huge gamble: he invested millions in hip-hop, a genre many viewed as too troubled to be worth the risk. But the grunge bubble went bust, of course, as did a few of the labels betting on it. Today, hip-hop rolls along as comfortably as Puff Daddy does in his Bentley.

Youth culture may rule music, but Davis, 65, always seems to have the right spin on the future. The year that ended in June was Arista's best ever—\$425 million in sales and 69 gold or platinum disks by artists from diva Whitney Houston to country star Alan Jackson. Davis has shown a few sharp moves on the business side too, making use of low-cost joint ventures to manage the financial risks, which allows him to take the musical risks needed to develop and sustain new talent.

Or old talent. Take guitar god Carlos Santana, 52, whose relevance has dwindled since his 1970 hit *Abraxas*. Last year the Woodstock veteran signed with Arista. Davis refocused Santana's songs toward radio and teamed him with new stars like Lauryn Hill, enticing a new generation of fans to discover his flamboyant guitar playing. Santana is now enjoying a view he hasn't seen in two decades: his new album *Supernatural* sits in the Top 5 and has sold more than 2 million copies. "I only look for headlines," Davis says. "An artist has to be able to fulfill in person the magic on a record."

And then there is Sarah McLachlan's *Surfacing*, a beautiful album of light folk-pop—which could be a euphemism for "slow death." Davis divined a vast pool of

potential buyers awakened by the Lilith Fair Tour, so Arista flogged the album at MTV and radio for months until the dam finally broke. At 7 million sold, *Surfacing* has become a Jewel- and Alanis-style blockbuster. No wonder the stymied Artist most of us still know as Prince beat a path to his door. His new Arista album debuts next month.

Music is a game of averages, and Davis certainly doesn't bat .1000; Puff Daddy's solo album *Forever* is off to a slow start. But Arista has created enough hits to help lift the market share of its corporate parent BMG from 14% to 18%, second only to the Universal Music Group's 27%.

For such a hip guy, Davis has a style that is distinctly Old World. He prefers handwritten notes to e-mail. And he usually dresses in the pin-striped, cuff-linked style of a diplomat. That can make him easy to spot at nightclubs checking out new acts or perhaps talking shop with his protégé, Puff Daddy. "When I go to see Clive, I'm going to school," says Puffy.

Not everyone has believed in Davis' ears. He launched Arista only after being canned by Columbia Records in 1973. By the 1980s, the former lawyer was tasting major success with a diverse group of performers, including Barry Manilow and the Grateful Dead. BMG purchased Arista in 1979, but Davis still operates virtually independently, unusual in an era

when big corporations rule music.

That might be



IN SYNCH: In the corporate-heavy music industry, Davis has been able to keep both the moneymen and the talent happy

because he has served the bean counters well too, finding efficient ways to achieve growth. Instead of shelling out millions for outright acquisitions of artists or their production companies, Davis puts money into joint ventures in which the producer-artist makes records under Arista's banner, while the label foots most of the studio and marketing costs. Profits are shared.

Davis didn't invent the JV, but he was one of the first to show how lucrative it can be. Arista's 1989 investment in hip-hop-heavy Bad Boy Records, run by Puff Daddy, and its 1994 investment in R-and-B powerhouse LaFace Records, run by L.A. Reid and the producer Babyface, were mere chicken feed: about \$3 million apiece. Last year LaFace chalked up sales of more than \$75 million and Bad Boy of about \$35 million. "Rather than buy companies and pay multiples," says Davis, "we started from scratch and made a relatively modest investment. We split profits immediately as opposed to paying off hundreds of millions in acquisition costs." Says industry analyst Michael Nathanson: "The low-debt producer-artist model works well, provided you have an ear for talent."

Which is after all what drives music. "He's still the best talent finder in the business," adds Nathanson. "He's one of the last of the old-fashioned music men, and he's adapted to the times." And for music's sake, kept the bean counters at bay. ■

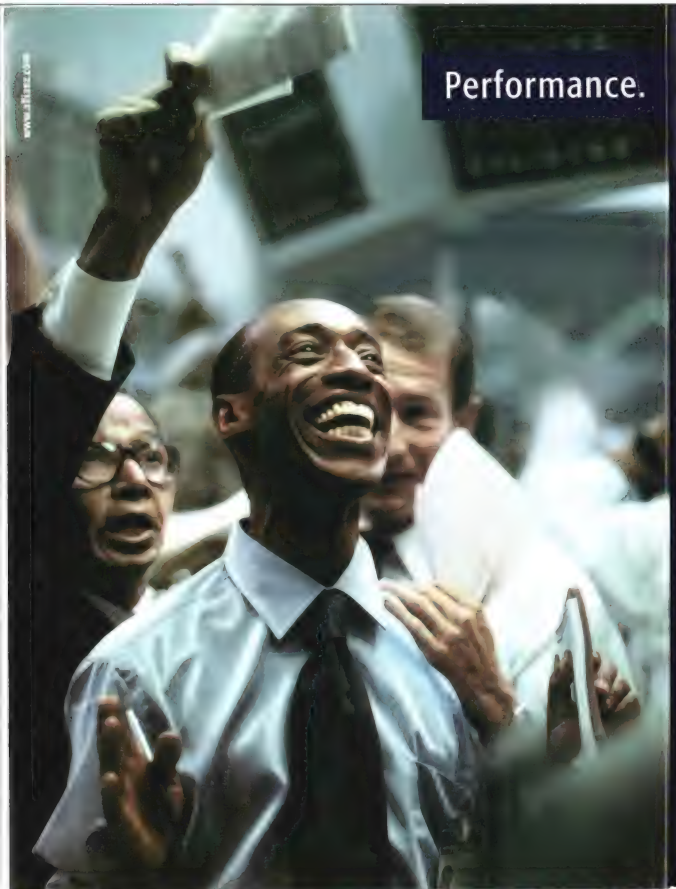
THE RAINMAKER

On Davis' watch the hits keep coming:

Sarah McLachlan's *Surfacing* (7 million sold), Santana's *Supernatural* (2 million sold) and soon the Artist f.k.a. Prince



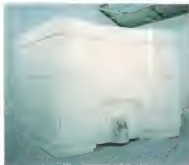
Performance.



OCK'S SAKE?

no real depth, no great feeling in the line. You might pass right by were it not for Ofili's strategy to shove the voltage up by adorning it with a pattern of cutouts from porn mags of women's crotches and then adding to the rhythm of the work with clumps of elephant dung. Interpretations reach too glibly for the symbolism of this Virgin in a cloud of sex parts as an emblem of the sacred's overcoming the profane, of the elephant manure as an African symbol of regeneration that adds luster to the Madonna's beneficence. And so it may be, but the painting is surely a calculated come-on.

In work after work in "Sensation," and there are some 92 pieces by 42 artists spread out over nearly 22,000 sq. ft. of gallery space, you see the same calculation peeking its tongue-wagging little head out of the art. Much of what's on show here really ought to be viewed the way another work about another Mary was—last year's bathroom-humor block-buster, *Something About Mary*. It's lewd and long on visual pratfalls, and there is not a great deal else to do but roll your eyes as you pass Sarah Lucas' *Au Naturel* (1994), a dingy mattress leaning against a wall with an erect cucumber shooting up with two oranges at its base,



GHOST, Rachel Whiteread

A respite can be found in this plaster cast of the space that filled a Victorian room

two ripe melons across the way ... you get the idea.

Throughout the show, there's an obsession with the body, leering humor about sex and yammering about death. Tracey Emin's canvas tent called *Everyone I Have Ever Slept With* (1995) is done inside with crudely laid-out names and notes about old paramours. It camps out a short distance from Mona Hatoum's more elegant but hardly deep creation (despite its title, *Deep*

ANGEL, Ron Mueck

Some pieces do enchant, such as this winsome seraph, who seems to brood as he surveys the angrier works around him

Throat): a dining table with proper tablecloth and silver, and a plate whose bottom is a video screen showing the travels of an invasive camera down a human gullet.

And then there are the enormously silly, explicitly sexual sculptural romps by Jake and Dinos Chapman, whose fascination with genetic mutation leads them down the very foolish path of constructing girlish mannequins with phalluses for noses and sexual orifices in all the wrong places. Hardly Rodin. But then Rodin's *Balzac*, created just before the turn of the century, wrapped the great French novelist in a cape beneath which, it was said, he was holding his own member in the potent coupling of climax and creative genius. The work outraged its patrons and wasn't cast in bronze until after Rodin's death. Now it is considered a masterpiece that foretells the abstract sculpture that became a hallmark of this century's art.

That's not to say that the Chapmans' puerile offerings will rise to a place of lasting esteem. No, the point is that work once seen as scandalous takes on new meaning as culture is rocked by alien, disquieting expressions and then slowly evolves. And there are works in this show that warrant respect and have had it from critics and gallerygoers for some time.





THE HOLY VIRGIN MARY, Chris Ofili



MYRA, Marcus Harvey

When it comes to art that offends, outrage is in the eye of the beholder and varies from city to city. Ofili's seeming desecration of a sacred icon caused a furor in New York; London viewers were incensed by Harvey's portrait of a British child killer

Rachel Whiteread, for example, is a leading figure among contemporary sculptors. Her plaster and resin casts of the space around domestic objects, whether it be the airy volume of a room or the underside of a humble chair, are eerie, elegant and refined. The exhibition includes a gorgeous gallery of these chair pieces: variously colored blocks shining softly under a skylight like a plot of grave markers. It's a tranquil hymn to loss and absence, evoking the sense of departed souls who once sat among us. Its thoughtfulness is a respite from so much brazen shouting, and like a good deal of her art, it can be enjoyed as much for the minimalist pleasure of its simple, rhythmic shapes as for the stories it conjures.

There is also ample work to look at by Damien Hirst, the most prominent and furiously productive artist of his generation on the London scene. Hirst has been vilified by animal-rights groups for his sculptures incorporating dead animals, sliced down their middle or sideways and displayed in all their forensic griminess inside formaldehyde-filled cases. The alarming piece that first brought him fame is here as well: *A Thousand Years* (1990), with its vitrine full of maggots

AU NATUREL,
Sarah Lucas

Like many of the works, this sculpture reflects the show's obsession with the body and sex in a superficial and silly manner

and flies that swarm over the bloody head of a cow. It's a little pocket of hell: nauseating, unerringly brutal, but its shock looks death terribly in the face. Not silly, not shallow, not shock for shock's sake. Nor is Marc Quinn's *Self* (1991), in which a cast replica of the artist's head is filled with eight pints of his own blood, kept cool in a refrigerated case. We'd all like to freeze our mortality, stop it cold, and you can take Quinn's literal rendering of the idea or you can leave it. Yet the bust itself has all the solid weight of bronze, and this classical death mask in its futuristic case is odd and chilling indeed.

In another gallery sits Marcus Harvey's huge grisaille portrait of an English child abuser and murderer, Myra Hindley, whose image is composed of child-size handprints. Proving that local politics tends to make all art local,

it is this work, rather than Ofili's *Holy Virgin*, that prompted an outcry in London, where "Sensation" first appeared two years ago at the Royal Academy of Arts. And yet, like Ofili's work, *Myra* is hardly an astonishment, looking like a wobbly send-up of a picture by the American painter Chuck Close. People in New York, ignorant of her crimes, will surely pass it by.

Amid the outrage and grandstanding in the exhibition, some crucial issues swiftly show themselves: Should the largesse of public funding be allowed to circumscribe free speech? Can unhindered expression, in its turn, become sheer offense? And how ironclad are the constitutional protections for edgy art that may amount to hate speech? In the end, art can be political, but it cannot affect the world the way politicians can. Says Bill Ivey, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts: "The damage can outlast the politics of the moment."

In the Brooklyn Museum, right outside the entrance to "Sensation," is a small oil by Thomas Cole, the great 19th century painter who went to America from England as a young man and laid down on canvas the raw grandeur of the landscape as illustration of the new nation's moral power. The picture is easy to miss, a little study of a Christian pilgrim on the verdant knoll of a mountaintop. His arms are outspread, brilliant under a sky ablaze with light and hope.

Close down the museum for a single painting? This is another one to look at. Visitors to "Sensation" might want to start their viewing by stopping first in front of Cole's bright image. And coming back to it at the end.

—With reporting by
Ann Blackman/Washington and William Dowell/
New York



Heartsick

A glum romance lacking wit, glamour or passion

AFTER MANY YEARS OF STUDY AND practice, Harrison Ford has just about mastered the art of talking without moving his lips. Kristin Scott Thomas is never at the game of masking her emotions, but chilly elegance has achieved near total mastery over the sexiness she exuded in *The English Patient*.

And that's pretty much all the news from *Random Hearts*, a grim and draggy romance in which even the clothes and sets are dismal. Ford is a Washington detective named Dutch Van Den Broeck; Scott Thomas is a Congresswoman named Kay Chandler. Both their spouses are killed in a plane crash, and he suspects—his obsessive nature and the habits of his profession driving him on—that they were lovers. She perhaps agrees, but prefers denial and resumption of her re-election campaign.

This is very sensible of her, especially in light of Dutch's maniacal pursuit of all the dreary details of the adulterous back story. This investigation of the painfully obvious is glum and endless and appears to have been designed by writer Kurt Luedtke (working from a Warren Adler novel) to show Dutch in the worst possible light. Apparently, though, Kay has a taste for sullen plodders. No other explanation is offered for her decision to enter into a brief, nervous affair with Dutch.

What director Sydney Pollack, one of the movies' great romantics (*Tootsie*, *Out of Africa*), saw in this lugubrious tale is even harder to imagine. There's no heat, wit or glamour in his telling of it. The movie is like bad gossip: a scandalous premise that comes to no interesting—or even amusingly ironic—point.

—By Richard Schickel

LOVELESS:
Ford seeks
solace from
a reluctant
Scott
Thomas



BRUTE FORCE:
Pitt is the fantasy
of masculine
supremacy

Conditional Knockout

Fight Club packs a visual punch, but its violent vision of male angst won't score with everyone

LET'S SAY YOUR LIFE IS SO ANONYMOUS that the movie's credits list you only as "Narrator." Let's also say the symptoms of that condition include near terminal insomnia and an unsatisfiable urge for catalog shopping. Might you not then join a support group for the victims of TB or testicular cancer, just so you could hug, sob and generally surface some feelings, even if you don't actually have one of those diseases?

If your answer to that question is, "Are you kidding?" then *Fight Club* is not for you, though it must be said that early on, it funnily realizes the satirical possibilities of 12-stepping your way through life. The film remains strong when Edward Norton's Narrator meets Tyler Durden (Brad Pitt) on an airplane. He's everything Norton isn't—a bruising truth teller with a taste for urban anarchism. He's the kind of guy who splices pornographic flash cuts into family movies when he works as a projectionist, who pees in the soup when he works as a banquet waiter.

His big idea is, well, yes, a fight club—a basement he commandeers where ordinary guys can come and beat the crap out of each other in bare-knuckle, no-holds-barred combat. This really puts them in touch with their feelings, which are incoherently rageful.

It also puts viewers in touch with director David Fincher's preferred mis-en-scène, which is almost always dark and, more important, damp—with rusty water, gushing blood and other bodily fluids of less determinable origins. It's definitely a style—see his *Seven* of a few

years ago—and it enforces the contrast between the sterilities of his characters' aboveground life and their underground one. Water, even when it's polluted, is the source of life; blood, even when it's carelessly spilled, is the symbol of life being fully lived. To put his point simply: it's better to be wet than dry.

Before long, Tyler has a chain of fight clubs up and running all over the country and is molding their members into a paramilitary organization that aims, finally, to blow up all the credit-card companies and, just for good measure, TRW. It is along about here that *Fight Club*, which is Jim Uhls' adaptation of Chuck Palahniuk's novel, lurches from satire into fantasy. For we begin to realize that the hunky Pitt is the willowy Norton's doppelgänger, a projection of fantasies about masculine mastery.

The movie manages this smoothly enough—both actors are excellent—but there's something conventionally gimmicky about the way it plays its reality/unreality game—of a lazy piece with its failure to do anything interesting with the woman in the story, Helena Bonham Carter's neurotically gnarly representation of feminism's failures to create a more sympathetic female.

Yet whatever its flaws—and they will, for some, include its brutal, off-putting imagery—*Fight Club* can't be ignored. It is working *American Beauty*—Susan Faludi territory, that illiberal, impious, inarticulate fringe that threatens the smug American center with an anger that cannot explain itself, can act out its frustrations only in inexplicable violence.

—R.S.



Putting on the Dogme

This rigorous form of filmmaking is all the rage. First stop: Copenhagen. Next stop: Hollywood?

By RICHARD CORLISS

IN HIS CONFERENCE ROOM ON THE UNIVERSAL lot, Steven Spielberg showed a couple of guests a printed card. On the card was "The Vow of Chastity"—Ten Commandments of simplified filmmaking, as proclaimed in the Dogme '95 manifesto by directors Lars von Trier and Thomas Vinterberg. Spielberg spoke enthusiastically about Dogme and said he'd like to make a film under its rules.

Wait a minute. Why should the most successful filmmaker in history subject himself to these dicta, jotted down in half an hour by a couple of daffy Danes? Why would any director toss away the tools of power and sorcery that the movies have spent a century developing? No 150-person crew, no wide screen, no post-synchronizing of dialogue, no flashbacks, no E.T. or dinosaurs. No tripod for the camera. And no director's credit.

Yet Dogme is the hot word in serious film circles. Its precepts were first used in Vinterberg's *The Celebration*, the family-in-tatters drama that was a world-wide success. Dogme 2 was Von Trier's *The Idiots*, an aggressive comedy with porno elements. Now come Søren Kragh-Jacobsen's easy-to-take *Mifune*, about a young businessman who goes home to settle his late father's estate; Kristian Levring's *The King Is Alive*, set in Namibia and starring Jennifer Jason Leigh; and, opening next week, the first American Dogme film, *Julien donkey-boy*, by genius nasty boy Harmony Korine.

If Dogme spreads beyond art houses, it will not be because it suggests a vital

new way to make pictures, but because today's directors feel crushed by technological gimmickry. The camerabatics of the French New Wave, the anti-dramatic films of Bresson and Antonioni, the non-linear experiments of the American avant garde—each of these was a revolutionary call to arms. Dogme is a call to disarm, to strip away the veneer, to walk without crutches supplied by Industrial Light & Magic. Unabashedly reactionary, Dogme loves innocence; it aims for a primitive purity. "Filmmakers and filmgoers are

Rules of The Game

Dogme's decalogue as set down by Lars von Trier, right, and Thomas Vinterberg



1. Shooting must be done on location; props must not be brought in
2. The sound and images must never be produced separately
3. The camera must be handheld
4. The film must be in color
5. Optical work and filters are forbidden
6. The film must not contain superficial action or violence
7. The film must take place in the here and now
8. Genre movies are not acceptable
9. The film format must be Academy 35 mm
10. The director must not be credited

IN THE NEW TRADITION: Bremner as a schizophrenic in *Julien donkey-boy*

yearning for something else," says cinematographer Anthony Dod Mantle, who shot *The Celebration*, *Mifune* and *Julien donkey-boy*. "But not necessarily something new. A revival. A renaissance. A re-focusing on the story. The nakedness and simplicity of Dogme has put us back in touch with the essentials of filmmaking."

Korine, who wrote the scabrous *Kids*, then made on his own the widely praised and reviled *Gummo*, had already planned his new film—the largely improvised story of a schizophrenic (Scottish actor Ewen Bremner), his bullying dad (Werner Herzog) and pregnant sister (Chloë Sevigny)—when Von Trier & Co. suggested he make it under Dogme strictures. "I liked the idea of it being a rescue action from the elevation of cosmetics," he says, "the idea of not hiding behind the trickery." Bremner found that the stripped-down system let him focus on his craft: "I don't have to reserve a portion of my brain to monitor the on-set mechanics—lighting rigs, camera tracks, field of focus. I can dedicate myself fully to realize what I want to do."

Dogme might seem way too, well, dogmatic; a director who has filmed under its rules must sign a "confession" of any deviations. (Korine: "I confess that in the turkey-dinner scene, I made my grandmother go to the grocery store and buy a batch of raw cranberries...") But Dogme is as much a game as it is a cult. Indeed, Korine broke nearly every commandment; like Rasputin, he wants to sin so he can repent. At the beginning he stages a violent death (Rule 6). At the end he credits himself (Rule 10). In between he uses slow motion, stop motion, superimposition, all kinds of optical tricks (Rule 5). And the vaunted Dogme "simplicity"? This is 1999's most mannered film. And, though smartly shot with digital video equipment, the most fakey: three actors mingling with the disabled and dispossessed. Nothing screams artifice so much as the collision of the reel and the real.

The danger of any innovation is that it quickly becomes calcified. But that may not happen with Dogme. The Danes who made the first four films under it are planning a millennial blast. Each will film part of a script written by the four, and each director's scenes will be shown live on a different TV channel on Dec. 31, with viewers doing their own editing by flicking the remote. And as U.S. auteurs, locked in stasis, consider the next century, the Danish challenge might look appealing. Who better than Spielberg to teach an old Dogme new tricks? —Reported by Georgia Harbison/ New York and Jeffrey Ruzner/Los Angeles

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BREAKING THE PLASTIC MOLD

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She's Earned Her Bow

An ex-model who sounds as good as she looks

By TERRY TEACHOUT



A FUNNY THING HAPPENED to Russian cellist Nina Kotova on the way to Carnegie Hall: she became a fashion model instead. Nine years ago, she was just another down-at-heel ex-prodigy, so poor she didn't even own a cello. Then she wandered into an open call at New York City's Ford Modeling Agency, where the fact that she looks like a cross between Michelle Pfeiffer and Uma Thurman was considered an asset, not a distraction. Now Kotova, who turns 28 this month, is off the runways and back onstage, touring the U.S. and promoting her self-titled debut CD on Philips Classics. It is a collection of juicy romantic encores by Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Rimsky-Korsakov, Fauré and Kotova, whose compositions include a three-movement suite called, appropriately enough, *Sketches from the Catwalk*.

Such stories—and such hazel-eyed looks—are a publicist's dream, especially at a time when classical-record sales are chronically depressed and many labels are willing to resort to any gimmick, however fatuous, in order to score crossover hits. But Kotova is more than just another megapretty face; she is also a musician of high seriousness and real talent.

Like other Soviet youngsters who showed musical promise at an early age, she had no real childhood. "All I did," she recalls in her fluent but slightly askew English, "was practice like crazy mad." She spent her youth studying cello, composition and piano ("I love piano. I still play but not in concert"), and gave her first public performance at age

seven. But her budding career hit the skids when her father, a prizewinning virtuoso bass player, was judged a political risk by the authorities. "He was incredible bassist," she says, "but he was so much exposed to the West, he started having problems getting work. Then he fell ill and was refused medical treatment." When Ivan Kotov died at age 35, his teenage daughter, unable to escape the stigma of guilt by association, decided to move to the West. She eventually made her

like a joke. I didn't tell them I was a musician. I didn't want to confuse them. But I am a person who is serious, and from the Day One, I wasn't completely happy, because I wanted to play concerts. There was a point when I thought there was no hope. No cello and no hope!" But after several years of modeling for Chanel, Armani and others, she finally made her way back to music in 1996, giving her London recital debut on a borrowed instrument. (She now plays a 1696 Guarnerius owned by a foundation run by her boyfriend, a music-loving Texas businessman.)

The soft-spoken Kotova eschews makeup and wears her hair pulled back severely, as if to persuade suspicious critics that her modeling days are over. Not

that her first CD leaves any doubt of it. The glamour-girl album art notwithstanding, her expressive performances of such yearning miniatures as Tchaikovsky's *D Minor Nocturne* and Rachmaninoff's *Vocalise*—the second of which she orchestrated—are clearly the work of a gifted artist. Her tone is warm and focused, her interpretations restrained yet quietly intense. No less striking are her own compositions, especially *Sketches from the Catwalk*, a set of laconic, minimalist-flavored cameos in which a genuinely personal voice can be heard.

Kotova is scheduled to make her New York City debut this Saturday at Carnegie Hall, where she will play Tchaikovsky's showy *Variations on a Rococo Theme* with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, followed by a barnstorming tour that takes her all the way from Brazil to Japan. Though she already seems well launched toward stardom, anyone who expects her to take the low road to popular acclaim is in for a surprise. "I am asked so many times," she says, "what do you think, that classical music is dead, dead, dead? Not at all. It's starting to bloom again. That's what I think. And I am one who is fighting for it."



CROSSOVER On the runway in *Musemi*, above, but Kotova's best accessory is really her cello.

"It's not that I wanted to model... I wasn't completely happy... I wanted to play concerts."

way to the U.S. to study at Yale, leaving her state-owned cello behind at the Moscow Conservatory.

When scholarship money proved insufficient, she dropped out of school and moved to New York City to look for work; within weeks, she was posing for French *Glamour*. "It's not that I wanted to model," she says, sounding for all the world like the survivor of an accident too gory to describe in detail. "It just happened. At first I thought it was ...

Their Lives And Times

The inside story of the Sulzbergers and the paper that is their trust

By JOHN F. STACKS



ADOLPH OCHS WAS VERY close to financial ruin when he set out to buy the New York Times, which was losing \$1,000 a day.

The newspaper Ochs already owned, in Chattanooga, Tenn., was almost underwater, and his personal debts were threatening to sink him and the large extended family he supported. His plan was to save the paper and himself by breaking into the big city market. With brilliant personal salesmanship and no little bit of financial finagling, he finally won the backing he needed. On Aug. 19, 1896, he announced on the front page of his newly acquired newspaper that his "earnest aim was to give the news impartially, without fear or favor."

Such protestations of fairness were not uncommon in the turn of the century press, but Adolph Ochs actually believed what he wrote. Within 25 years, his paper dominated the New York City market and grossed more than \$100 million. Now, as another century turns, the Times is the best newspaper in the world, with annual corporate revenues of \$2.9 billion. The descendants of Ochs still control the company, and they are no longer worried about financial failure.

The rise of the Times, its continued high quality and its independence make a remarkable story, especially in an era of corporate publishing, declining news readership and profit-driven efforts to dumb down coverage to the level of a TV-numbered audience. That a single family has managed this feat over such a long period of time is even more remarkable. That this particular family, at least as described in *The Trust* (Little, Brown; 670 pages; \$29.95), by Susan Tift and Alex Jones, managed to make and keep the Times great is astounding. In almost voyeuristic detail, the ruling Times fam-



The New York Times

ily emerges as a kind of textbook study of philandering, adultery, divorce and lousy parenting. The male heirs who got to run the paper arrived mostly either ill-prepared or suffering from the neglect of their familial predecessors.

When Ochs died in 1935, his son-in-law Arthur Hays Sulzberger became publisher and arrived in that position with such "haphazard and incomplete" training that he admitted feeling "frightened and alone." After his retirement, his son-in-law Orvil Dryfoos took over. He had come to the paper from a seat on the stock exchange but had been somewhat more carefully groomed. Tragically, he died young, in 1963, when his diseased heart failed following a bitter strike that shuttered the Times for 114 days. Dryfoos' untimely death foisted the

FROM OUR STAFF



Richard Schickel loves movies. He reviews them for TIME, makes documentaries about them for TV and has written more than a dozen books about them. Now he has produced a collection of essays, *Matinee Idylls*, in which he reflects on the medium's icons (Garbo, Fellini, Sam Fuller) and issues (censorship, celebrity culture, the crisis in movie narration).

DYNASTY: Ochs' legacy has thrived under both Arthur Sulzbergers

top job at the paper on young Arthur Ochs ("Punch") Sulzberger, the only son and youngest child of Arthur Hays and Iphigene Ochs Sulzberger. Punch's training and apparent aptitude were so slight that his father and the board of directors were reluctant to make him publisher and seriously considered having him share power with an arrogant and ineffective executive from the business side of the paper, or, more improbably, with Washington bureau chief

James B. ("Scotty") Reston.

Punch Sulzberger was, however, a veteran of the Marine Corps and refused to accept partial control. His parents relented, and he went on to preside over three decades of corporate expansion and journalistic excellence. It was Punch Sulzberger who had the courage to publish the Pentagon papers. It was Punch who painfully forced family members and aging editors into early retirement.

Punch's son Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Jr. took over the paper in 1992 without much real management experience, but like each of his forebears, he grew into the job. He has continued the tradition of trusting in strong and intellectually gifted editors and, like his father, has had the strength to disappoint relatives who hoped to have larger roles in running the paper.

For all the nearly clinical detail about failed marriages and lives (we might have been spared some of minutiae on the family members who had less to do with the newspaper), Tift—a former writer for TIME—and Jones forcefully make the point that the self-effacing Ochs-Sulzberger clan got one big thing right: the need to protect and nurture the paper entrusted to them. Although this book is light on the financial and business detail that would permit a fuller judgment of the family's management of their trust, the story of the Ochs-Sulzberger family makes one want to join the cheer sent up by former executive editor Max Frankel on the occasion of Arthur Jr.'s accession: "Long live the monarchy."

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BOOKS

Pride and Prejudice

In *All Souls* a Southie depicts the pugnacious spirit and fierce loyalties of Boston's Irish ghetto



IF YOU WERE CHARMED by Frank McCourt's *Angela's Ashes* but wished at times that the author would have got out of the way of his own beguiling style, try *All Souls: A Family Story from Southie* (Beacon Press; 288 pages; \$24). Michael

Patrick MacDonald's guileless and powerful memoir of precarious life and early death in Boston's Irish ghetto.

MacDonald, 33, grew up and still lives in South Boston, a legendary ethnic enclave that contains one of the country's highest concentrations of white poverty. The distinction is not appreciated by Southie residents, who bristle at being lumped with the black and Hispanic underclass.

Yet as MacDonald's jolting account illustrates, all share the same problems and are familiar with social workers, fatherless households and handouts of surplus cheese. "The only difference," writes the author, "was that in the black and Latino neighborhoods people were saying the words: poverty, drugs, guns, crime, race, class, corruption."

MacDonald gives new life to this old American story of poor-white pride and prejudice. He also has a knack for quickly grabbing and holding a reader's attention. How's this for an opening line? "I was back in Southie, 'the best place in the world,' as Ma used to say before the kids died."

"Ma" is Helen Murphy-MacDonald-King, a pub singer and feisty accordionist who gave birth to 11 children fathered by various husbands and boyfriends. In her signature miniskirts, fishnet stockings and spiked heels, Ma is an unmistakable Southie presence.

She embodies the neighborhood's pugnacious spirit and fierce loyalties. The emotional staying power of *All Souls* is boosted by MacDonald's ability to stay attached to those qualities at the same

time that he describes their devastating consequences.

MacDonald's brothers and sisters spend their childhood acquainting themselves with petty crimes, dope and the unforgiving code of the streets: never, never snitch. The family dodges real and figurative bullets and seems to be getting on until, halfway through the book, members start dropping as if it's the last act of *Hamlet*. Davey, a schizophrenic, jumps to his death from a rooftop. Frankie, a promising young prizefighter, is shot dead while trying to rob an armored car. Kevin, a



HOMEBOY: MacDonald's potent memoir transcends race

drug dealer, is found suspiciously hanged outside his jail cell. Sister Kathy, a serious pill popper, is shoved off a roof and badly crippled; and 13-year-old Steven is convicted, though eventually acquitted on appeal, of shooting a friend.

With its probes of crooked politicians, bad cops and layers of racism, *All Souls* easily breaks its regional and ethnic boundaries. It should be harder to automatically think "black" when the euphemism "inner city" pops up again. Perhaps that is why MacDonald was heckled by Southies at a recent book reading in Boston. Hearing the shock of recognition is almost always a sign that the writer got it right. —By R.Z. Sheppard

What Are Your Desires?

Early in the 20th Century, nature's social law was identified by the late Richard W. Wetherill. He called it the **law of absolute right** and spent a lifetime speaking and writing about it and applying the principles of right behavior. While he had several successful careers, he was unable to get public recognition for the law. It states: **Right action gets right results, whereas wrong action gets wrong results.**

Nonetheless, in the 1960s, Wetherill successfully formed study groups in several cities located around the nation. That is when reference points were established in the minds of group members as they studied the cause-and-effect sequence of their behavior. They questioned action that had never been suspect and found many ways they wound up in fights, trying to satisfy their "desires."

They learned that the social law defines right as action that is simultaneously logical, appropriate and moral. They also learned expanded definitions of wrong action and how to drop it. Without resort to the largely ineffective task of behavior modification, they dropped bad habits, personality flaws and faults, improved their relationships, and advanced in their careers.

At headquarters in Pennsylvania, they founded a Right-Action school for their children in which right action was the "in" thing and wrong action was out. Soon discipline by teachers was no longer needed and learning accelerated. Several of those children are now adults holding responsible positions in the business that was founded by Wetherill's students. And there is more.

Have you ever heard of a perfect relationship in which there is no conflict, no rivalry, no drive to get the advantage, and no jealousy nor fear? That perfect relationship really is possible, and it is available to everybody.

It is the relationship intended by whoever or whatever created all that exists to be shared by persons who associate their lives with creation's plan. When people make that connection, they let no contradictory elements of past training interfere. It is a relationship of compassionate caring for the well-being of all people whether male or female, young or old, friend or stranger, rich or poor, theist or atheist, or of any ancestry. It is without pressure or strings attached. Achieving the perfect relationship becomes an ongoing process with a sense of exquisite fulfillment as the relationship emerges.

The perfect relationship is so unique that understanding it requires certain reference points. First, it must be recognized that people commonly strive to satisfy their desires, ranging from their noblest to their most ignoble desires.

Second, people must acknowledge **nature's social law**, stating that only right action gets right results. When they do, they become as intent on doing what is right as formerly they had tried to satisfy their desires.

Unawaredly, members of the human race live under the aegis of the social law just as they live under the aegis of the laws of physics. The tragedy is that without knowledge of the social law people are foundering as rudderless ships on the seas of life buffeted by their conflicting desires. Recently I read that people today are haunted by a sense that, in the midst of plenty, their lives seem barren. I can attest to the fact that conforming with the social law's right action fills that void and feeds any inner hunger for answers as to the "why?" of this life.

Professionals in fields of human behavior steadfastly refuse to espouse the social law. Thus far, they don't acknowledge the causal factor of wrong thinking getting wrong results. However, they do publicize a rare cure for a patient when his/her past traumatic thinking is uncovered and the problem goes away.

A purpose of this public-spirited advertising is to reach individuals who are troubled by observing society's problems and who are eager to get relief from their own wrong results. Application of the social law by a few has shown that right action reverses declining human values and gives rise to a rational society.

There are six, low-cost books available (\$8.00 to \$18.95) to explain the law and its application. For a free, no obligation mailing, call 1 800 992-9124 between 9 and 5 ET weekdays. After hours, leave a voice-mail message or write to The Alpha Publishing House, 1101 Enterprise Dr., PO Box 255, Royersford, PA 19468. Visit Web site www.alphapub.com to read articles and descriptions of the books that can be securely ordered, using VISA® and MasterCard™. Visit www.wai-wetherill.com to view our for-profit, distribution business to the auto-electric aftermarket guided by principles of creation's social law. Gross sales for 1998 were \$169.6 million.

Text written by E. Marie Bothe, President of Wetherill Associates, Inc. (WAI), The Alpha Publishing House and the Richard W. Wetherill Foundation.



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CASEWORKER: Lethem probes a disorder

BOOKS

Wordplay

A P.I. has Tourette's—and a tricky murder to solve



IF YOU'RE PRONE TO TOUCHING strangers randomly and shouting insults like "Eat me Mister Dicky-weed!" becoming a detective is probably not the most obvious career move. Case in point: Lionel Essrog, a Brooklyn P.I. who can't shoot a gun but can spend the better part of a stakeout obsessing over the numerical integrity of his meal (six White Castle burgers at 6:45). He's got Tourette's syndrome and—by the end of the first chapter of Jonathan Lethem's *Motherless Brooklyn* (Doubleday; 311 pages; \$23.95)—a dead boss on his hands.

Frank Minna wasn't just any boss. He was the epitome of hustler cool, a guy who offered four teenagers, just about the only whites at a predominantly black orphanage, the distinction of becoming his errand boys. For Essrog the decision was a no-brainer. At St. Vincent's Home for Boys he was choking on a flood of words and impulses in need of release. "Language bubbled inside me now, the frozen sea melting, but it felt too dangerous to let out." Over the next 15 years Minna encouraged Essrog to speak (in shouts, non sequiturs, stupid riddles) and taught him the new vocabulary of belonging. Essrog and his buddies became Minna Men—detectives who knew how to follow Minna's orders blindly.

But when Minna turns up leaking blood, Essrog finally starts asking questions. Just what were all those errands for? And why would Minna retell a joke instead of fingering his killer in his final moments? Finding out whodunit is interesting enough, but it's more fun watching Lethem unravel the mysteries of his Tourette creation. In this case, it takes one trenchant wordsmith to know another.

—By Nadya Labi



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SHORT TAKES

TELEVISION

ANGEL the WB, Tuesdays, 9 p.m. E.T. *Buffy the Vampire Slayer's* spin-off is darker stuff, visually and in tone, than its Sun-



nydale sire. That's what happens when your hero can't see daylight without bursting into flames. Recovering blood-sucker Angel (David Boreanaz) has retreated to the sleazy side of L.A. to nurse a broken heart and protect humans, ideally without snacking on them. Besides its hulking, gloomy lead and self-

absorbed-as-ever foil Cordelia, Angel also borrows *Buffy's* stylish thrills and its flashes of humor, sharp and surprising as teeth on your neck in a dark alley. Here's hoping it ultimately infuses more originality into the dynastic bloodline as well.

—By James Poniewozik

CINEMA

THE LIMEY Directed by Steven Soderbergh

A quiet, implacable Englishman—he may as well be a ghost—scours L.A. for his daughter's murderer. Nothing much,



nothing new here, unless you care to study how the fingernails of time have raked across Terence Stamp's still handsome face, or see Peter Fonda playing the cool drug lord his *Easy Rider* character might have become. As he did in *Out of Sight*, Soderbergh slices, dices and Cousinarts the script into flashbacks, scene shifts, stop motion and other distracting foolery. Is he working out a new form of visual storytelling, or has the ever-so-promising director of sex, lies, and videotape lost his chops and his marbles? —By Richard Corliss

MUSIC

IN SPITE OF OURSELVES John Prine

Country music is lonely work. A man

Love Needs No Pedigree



WABC-TV Meteorologist Bill Evans with 2-year-old "Inge". Photo by Mary Bloom

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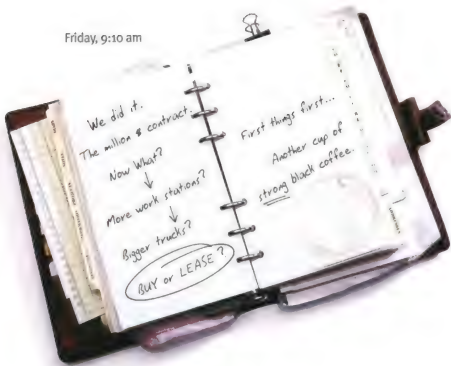
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SHORT TAKES



stares out his pickup window and wonders how love could abandon him with such ease and finality. So Prine, who knows a bit about hurt—he has recently survived cancer of the neck—has called on a few good women (including Patty Loveless, Trisha Yearwood, Emmylou Harris, Lucinda Williams) to join him in no-frills, no-foolin' duets on 15 country chestnuts. The one new song is Prine's own title tune, a funny, grimy anthem for two misfits who suit each other fine. It says even driving himself to hell, he ought to be able to find some indulgent lady to occupy the passenger seat. —R.C.

AMEN Paula Cole This is an album as quietly reverent as its title. Lilith Fair veteran Paula Cole tries hard to be a soul sister—according to the liner notes, one song, *Suavamee Jo*, was “inspired by Zora Neale Hurston’s *Their Eyes Were Watching God*”; another track features a guest appearance by singer Tionne (“T-Boz”) Watkins of the R-and-B/hip-hop trio TLC. Cole even raps on one track. The main problem, though, is that the music is all too polite. Cole’s last CD, *This Fire*, had moments of wild art-rock invention; here, she is content to relax in the groove. Her lyrics, though, can be admirably biting. The album’s last song, *God Is Watching*, condemns “new slavery prison systems/ Holding one in four Black American brothers.” If Cole is looking for amens, she’ll get one for that line. —By Christopher John Farley



BOOKS



WHEN PRIDE STILL MATTERED By David Maraniss The 200 mind-numbing pages that open this 504-page biography of Vince Lombardi bring to mind a howitzer aimed at a sparrow: this is about a football coach, af-

ter all. If Clinton biographer Maraniss had begun by telling us briefly that Lombardi arose from an ethos built on the trinity of church, family and a few years as assistant coach at West Point, that would have been enough for us to appreciate what follows. Because once Lombardi reaches Green Bay and the Packers, the book soars like a game-winning field goal. —By Daniel Okrent

CD-ROM

TOTALLY MAD You may not be able to read them under the bedcovers with a flashlight, but now every issue of *Mad* magazine can be yours. This mammoth seven-CD collection (for PC only) is unabated puerile nostalgia: a comprehensive archive from the pre-Alfred E. Neuman years (1952-56) through 1998. The multimedia element lets you complete all the fold-ins, listen to all the plastic 7-in. (Free Gift!) singles and watch short videos of legendary artists like Mort Drucker at work. The comic strips themselves look a little faded and grainy on a computer monitor, but at least future generations will see what all the snickering was about. —By Chris Taylor



THEATER

EPIC PROPORTIONS By Larry Coen and David Crane This epically unfunny Broadway comedy takes place on the desert set of a Hollywood extravaganza, as two brothers fight for the hand of a perky assistant director. Kristin Chenoweth, a Tony winner for last season’s revival of *You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown*, is cute, if a bit overcooked, as the Kewpie-doll A.D. But the jokes are bad, the physical comedy repetitious, and the Hollywood satire 40 years outdated. Co-author Crane was one of the creators of *Friends*. If this is what TV people think Broadway needs, the theater is in more trouble than we imagined. —By Richard Zoglin



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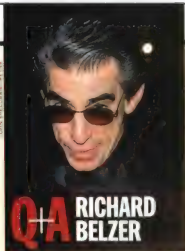
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Comedian Richard Belzer co-stars in
Law and Order: Special Victims Unit.

Q: How much *Law and Order* can a person take?

A: I eventually see a *Law and Order* channel. *Law and Order: Special Victims Unit*, *Law and Order Breakfast*, *Law and Order at Night*...

Q: Since you've been playing a cop, do you get fewer tickets?

A: I cannot get arrested. It's "Oh, Mr. Belzer, you ran over that guy. Do you mind just backing up so we can move the body?"

Q: What's with the sunglasses all the time, buddy? The '80s are over.

A: I've been wearing sunglasses since the '50s. I had black diapers. I was the first filthy, foul-mouthed counterculture comedian! I was the first guy to wear shades! I was the first guy!

Q: You worked for the Census. Was that for money or to meet single moms?

A: It was to meet single moms with money. It was just a job. This one guy locked me in a house because he thought I was a government agent.

Q: You found a guy more paranoid than you?

A: Exactly. We're lifelong friends now.

Q: You're on your third wife. Did you first see her naked in real life or in *Playboy*?

A: I probably saw her in the magazine, not knowing I would meet her a few years later. I vaguely remember the issue. Because I just buy it for the articles.

Q: Your wife's name is Harlee McBride. What's her real name?

A: Her real name is Harlee McSchwartz. She changed it. What do you mean, "her real name"? You never ask anyone that.

Q: Harlee, though.

A: What do you mean "Harlee, though?"

Q: I don't see parents coming up with Harlee with two e's.

A: All right, man. You know, I've had it with you.

—By Joel Stein



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FAMILY BOND: Hendra moved closer to avoid being a "special event"



By MEGAN RUTHERFORD

THERE IS A MAGICAL MOMENT IN THE latter half of life when adults have a chance to reinvent themselves. They take on new names: Nana, Grandma, Bubbeh. Poppy, Grandpa, Zayde. They cast themselves in new roles: caregiver, mentor, pal, pamperer. They are filled with powerful new emotions that make them feel alive and vital. They become grandparents.

"Every time a child is born, a grandparent is born too," says grandparenting

psychiatrist Arthur Kornhaber. The bond between grandchild and grandparent is second only to the attachment between parent and child. Kornhaber calls it "clear love" because it has no strings attached. "There's always some conditional element to parents' love. Grandparents are just glad to have you, and the child can feel that."

That love may be the emotional equivalent of superglue, but it needs points of contact in order to stick. And today, like other family institutions, grandparenthood is being buffeted by the sea changes of the late-20th century. Working against the free exchange of love are high divorce and remarriage rates, job stresses of dual-career parents (and grandparents), a global economy that puts vast distances between family members and a pervasive bias against age spawned by the American obsession with youthfulness.

These impediments, however, are counterbalanced by innovations in travel, telecommunications, social understanding, health and life expectancy. Savvy parents and grandparents are harnessing these to strengthen intergenerational ties. "We have to reinvent ourselves as we go along, but we have more time to get it right," says Lillian Carson, a psychiatrist in Santa Barbara, Calif.

There's an old joke that grandparents and grandchildren are natural allies because they share a common enemy: If parents are the enemy, they must be someone for they are the gatekeepers who regulate grandparents' access to their grandchildren. According to researchers, the better the relationship between parent and grandparent, the greater the contact and closeness between grandparent and grandchild. "It's up to the parents to make the grandparents feel welcome and to send

68% of grandparents in one study said they tended not to repeat the same mistakes they had made as parents

SIMPLY GRAND

Generational ties matter, and grandparents are finding new ways to play starring roles in the lives of their grandchildren

the message to their children that they're really integral," says Sally Newman, executive director of Generations Together at the University of Pittsburgh. "The parents should encourage frequent visits and not make the grandparents feel intrusive." And spending time together is essential, says Yaffa Schlesinger, who teaches sociology of the family at New York City's Hunter College. "If relationships are to be meaningful, they have to be deep in time. You cannot be friends with someone you met yesterday."

47 is the average age at which people become grandparents for the first time. 76½ is the average life expectancy

For parents harried by the multiple demands of careers and child rearing, arranging visits and maintaining communication between grandparents and grandchildren can be an additional chore. Why bother?

There are selfish reasons. "Marriages flourish with helpful grandparents. Helping with kids—giving parents and children a break from routines—is one of the greatest gifts grandparents can give," says Kornhaber.

No child can have too much love and attention. But that's not all grandparents have to offer. "Kids learn stuff from older people that they can't get from anybody else," says Newman. "Wisdom, patience, looking at things from many perspectives, tolerance and hope. Older adults have lived through wars, losses, economic deprivations, and they give kids the security of knowing that horrendous things can be survived." For the older generation, the relationship is equally precious. "Having grandchildren is the vindication of everything one has done as a parent. When we see our children passing on our values to another generation, we know we have been successful," says Margy-Ruth Davis, a new grandmother in New York City.

Keeping the gates open need not be expensive or arduous. Kathy Hersh, a Miami writer who is the mother of Katie, 11, and David, 7, sends a weekly packet of their photocopied poems, essays, teachers' notes and report cards to their maternal grandparents in Indiana and their paternal grandmother, a widow, in Arizona. The grandparents respond in kind. Kathy's mother sends homemade jam, cookies, fudge—and lots and lots of books. "It's not the value of the contents," says Kathy. "It's that the children have been thought of." The value of that is beyond measure. "I know my grandmother is always going to love me and think everything I do is wonderful," Katie told her mother recently.



HANDS-ON GRANDDAD: Davis provides child care for his grandsons

Other grandparents are discovering the miracles of the technological revolution. Margy-Ruth and Perry Davis are heartsick that they cannot be part of their granddaughter's daily life in Toronto. But she is already part of theirs, because the Davises have equipped their daughter with a digital camera, and every day she e-mails them a fresh picture of baby Tiferet. "It's hard for every visit to be a state occasion, and it's hard not to be able to pop over and just look in for half an hour," says Margy-Ruth. "but at least this way I can watch the baby change day by day." Their next project is to hook up the video component of

the camera to their daughter's computer and a similar device to their own so they can be in nearly constant mutual contact.

The Davises are not alone in cultivating electronic intimacy. Indeed, anecdotal evidence suggests that keeping in touch with grandchildren may be one of the main computer uses for seniors. Julia Sneden, a retired North Carolina kindergarten teacher, began e-mailing five-year-old Gina, her stepgranddaughter in California, several months before meeting her in person. When they finally set eyes on each other, they were already fast friends. Sneden continues to e-mail Gina, now 10, with tips on

FAMILIES



how to take care of her newly pierced ears and good websites for learning about upcoming eclipses. "I got to know Gina because I made an effort to know her, and her mother made an effort to give me access to her—and was willing to take dictation when she was younger," says Sneden, who shares Gina's e-mail with her own mother, Gina's step-great-grandmother. For Sneden is part of what might be called the club-sandwich generation: grandparents who divide their attention among their children, grandchildren and parents. According to one study, at least 16% of today's families have four or more living generations.

Jacquie Golden of Salinas, Calif., finds that e-mail has an unexpected advantage over the telephone when communicating with her teenage grandson Timothy Haines, a student at the University of Nebraska. "On the phone, he'll say everything is fine, his life is fine, his mother's fine, his friends are fine. With e-mail he opens up. He tells me how he's really doing, how rotten his last football game was and how school sucks. He gets down."

Many far-flung families have discovered a wonderful

Web freebie: create-your-own family sites, where relatives equipped with passwords can post messages, share family anecdotes, keep track of birthdays, scan in snapshots—and see what the rest of their extended family has been up to. Valerie Juleson lives in Wilton, Conn. Her 12 adult children—11 foster kids and one biological child—are spread out all over the U.S. and Europe, and her two grandchildren live in Florida. She keeps up with everyone through a site created on myfamily.com. One of the latest sitemakers to come online: superfamily.com.

MEEERA ANANTHASWAMY HAS A double challenge in uniting her children and parents: distance and culture. After emigrating with her parents from India to Canada in 1962, she moved with her husband and two daughters to Dallas three years ago. To maintain the closeness they felt when they all lived near one another in Hamilton, Ont., the three generations try to get together at least twice a year. In addition, the two girls spend summers with their grandparents. Between visits, they stay in touch through weekly phone calls. Perumal Rajaram tells his granddaughters stories from Hindu mythology, instructs them in Indian philosophy and takes them to the Hindu temple in Hamilton for traditional prayers. "It gives them history and a sense of where they've come from," says Meera.

But sometimes Suma, 16, and Usha, 13, find their grandparents' sense of tradition onerous. The girls like to wear jeans and shorts, which Rajaram abhors. Then Meera steps in as interpreter. "I tell them, 'Your grandparents' definition of pretty is someone in a sari and not someone in short shorts. You've got to remember where your grandparents come from.'" So far, the disputes have been trivial. But trouble could erupt if the girls decide, say, to marry outside their ethnic group. Rajaram is already steeling himself for the battle—and his likely defeat. "I'll try to talk them out of it first. And if they still go ahead, then I'll say, 'It's O.K. I don't approve, but have a good life.'"

Good communication and that spirit of compromise have helped keep Meera's family close. That's not always the case in modern multicultural America, says sociology professor Schlesinger.

The tragic irony is that many immigrants come to the U.S. in search of a better life for their children and grandchildren. But in order to achieve the goal set by their elders, the younger generation must assimilate, and when they do,

16% of today's families have four or more living generations



CULTURAL TIES: The Ananthaswamys bridge their distances.

they become strangers who speak a different language and live by an alien code. "The grandparent has achieved his American Dream," says Schlesinger, "but at a terrible cost." Exacerbating the alienation is the fact that because the Americanized grandchild is more adept at navigating the new world, says Teri Wunderman, a psychologist who works with Hispanic families in Miami, "there's less the idea that Grandma and Grandpa are these older, wiser people."

Even grandparents who have no physical or cultural divides separating them from their grandchildren may yearn for ways to get closer. David Stearman and his wife Bernice are lucky enough to have all six grandkids living within a 25-minute drive of their home in Chevy Chase, Md. Nonetheless, the Stearmans are always looking for ways to enhance their togetherness. So Bernice has made a habit of taking the kids to "M&Ms"—movies and malls. David does something a little more adventurous. For the past 10 summers, he has gone to camp with one—

sometimes two—of his grandchildren. "The food is terrible, the beds are bad, there are no televisions or radios, but, man, you just feel good!" Stearman says. The weeklong Grandparent-Grandchild Summer Camp, founded by Arthur Kornhaber,

in the Adirondack Mountains of New York, is one of many intergenerational programs launched in recent years. Elderhostel, which organizes learning vacations for seniors, has seen the adult enrollment in its intergenerational programs in the U.S. shoot up, from 251 in 1990 to nearly 3,300 in 1999. Stearman explains the allure: "It's a

general immersion into the life of a kid. It's wonderful just to hang out together and see how they function with other kids." Why does he go the extra mile? "Deep down inside you hope this is an experience they'll always remember," says Stearman, "something they can hang on to after you're gone."

Many families create and maintain their own rituals. That's what Beverly Zarin, a retired reading consultant, and her husband Sol have done. For the past 20

little bit of money I could leave her—plus I'd have her to myself for three weeks!" Sylviane was moved by the experience of traveling with her grandmother. "I realized it was probably the last time I was ever going to spend that much time with her," she says, "and the first time too." As a result of the trip, Sylviane says, "I have more respect for my grandmother."

Four operators know a good market when they see one. And grandparents, at more than 60 million strong today and expected to increase to as many as 100 million by 2010, are clearly a cash reserve waiting to be tapped. So, many travel agents now offer intergenerational packages. Helena Koenig's Grandtravel is, well, the grandmother of them all. Long ago, when Koenig was just a parent, she noticed that the most successful outings she had with her kids were the ones in which she allowed each child to invite a friend. Fourteen years ago, after launching a successful travel agency, she used that knowledge and gave it a twist. She began organizing excursions designed for grandparents and grandchildren. This year she's offering trips to 19 destinations, each with four or five departure

**Grandparents
spend an
estimated
\$30 billion a
year on their
grandchildren**

dates, ranging from a working ranch in South Dakota to a safari in Kenya.

Corporations eager to attract and retain experienced workers have also begun to provide benefits that appeal to grandparents. Lucent Technologies, based in Murray Hill, N.J., offers a variety of family-friendly perks—and grandparents are included in the company's definition of family. Deborah Boyd, who has primary care of her five-year-old grandson Charles, frequently consults company-provided counselors for answers to child-rearing questions. She has also applied for and received two separate grants to enhance his child-care center: \$3,000 to buy a classroom computer and \$19,000 for new playground equipment. Boyd is delighted. "Not only will it help Charles, but it's going to help all the other children."

Retirement communities too are recognizing the need to welcome not just grandparents but their grandchildren as well. Some, like Marriott's Bedford Court in Silver Spring, Md., schedule holiday celebrations to which grandchildren are invited. Others, realizing how much good the old and the young gain from rubbing elbows, have introduced intergenerational programs for all their residents. Goodwin House in Alexandria, Va., arranges activities that draw unrelated youngsters as well as grandchildren. "The young people stimulate mental health and a cheerful outlook in the elders, and [the young] gain from the mentoring by the seniors," says spokesman Andrew Morgan. To prepare youngsters for the shock of seeing ill or disabled elders when visiting their grandparents, the Jefferson by Marriott in Arlington, Va., supplies a coloring book called *Life in a Nursing Home*, with pictures of wheelchairs and walkers.

In a world with a shortage of good day care and an abundance of single-parent and two-career households, grandparents willing to care for their grandchildren are highly prized. In the old days, such care was generally rendered by Grandma. Today the social forces that produced the stay-at-home dad have introduced the caregiver granddad.

Peter Gross, a retired law professor, picks up grandsons Paul, 3, and Mark, 18 months, every weekday morning at 8:15 and cares for them in his San Francisco home until 6 p.m. "It's a very close, intense relationship that's at the center of my life," says Gross. "What a relief to retire from the hurly-burly of the adult institutions of our world, where b.s. and politics and limitations tend to dominate, and move into this place of love and truth and nurturing and connection."

Gross has a deep, everyday relationship with his grandchildren that many grandparents would move halfway round the world to enjoy. In fact, that's just about what Judith Hendra did. This summer Hendra quit her job as a fund raiser

for Beth Israel Medical Center in New York City, sold her loft and moved with her husband, a free-lance photographer, and her German shepherd to Los Angeles to be near her 18-month-old granddaughter Julia. "I reckon I have a window of opportunity of about 10 years before she turns into a California preteen, and then it'll be over," jokes Hendra. In the meantime Hendra, who plans to work part-time as a consultant, is looking forward to indulging a modest-sounding ambition: "I'd like to be a person who's taken for granted, who picks Julia up from school and does ordinary things that are actually very important for kids. I don't want to be a special event." Now that's something special. —With reporting by Jeanne DeQuince/Miami, Maureen Harrington/Denver, Anne Moffett/Washington, Chandrika Narayan/Dallas and Adrienne Navon/New York

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EXTENDED CARING: Alcott shared a journey with her granddaughter

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A BIG STEP

Grandparents with no blood ties face unique challenges and rewards in creating a family role

By EMILY MITCHELL

JEAN FARMER CAN REMEMBER LONELY holidays when she was raising her five children as a single mom. "Every Christmas, every Thanksgiving, it was just us," she says. "We were so hungry for a family." Since then, the void they felt has filled to the brim. In three years the Dallas clan has expanded to include husband Rick and two-year-old Kristina. Along with a stepfather, the Farmer marriage brought Jean's five older children yet another new relative—a stepgrandmother, Rick's widowed mother Charlene. And when Charlene in turn wed Joseph Glahn last year, Rick suddenly had to get used to a stepfather of his own. Says Jean: "This has been a growing relationship for all of us."

Everybody gets together for dinner two or three times a month, and all gather to celebrate the children's birthdays. This year Charlene helped Rick and Jean with the down payment for their \$230,000, five-bedroom brick home in suburban Dallas. Understanding the needs and changing tastes of each child is one of the secrets of good grandparenting, Joe and Charlene, who enjoy surprising the kids with gifts, consider each child's interests and age, choosing just the right miniature car or Beanie Baby. Bridging the generation divide, Charlene offered advice about poodle skirts and other teen fashions from the '50s when Caryn, 15, needed a costume for a school production of *Grease*. On opening night Joe and Charlene led the audience's applause.



FITTING IN: The Glahns take their places in a new extended family

With its changing cast of adults and children, the blended family is the contemporary version of the traditional extended family of another era. While a never-ending supply of books offers guidance to the modern stepparent, step-grandparents in the U.S. face uncharted, often bewildering terrain. Conflicts, resentment and jealousy can inflict lasting wounds on the adults as well as the children. Sue Waters, a Denver psychotherapist and director of Parenting After Divorce, emphasizes that "though the family logistics can be a nightmare, everyone has to think about what's best for the kids." With no biological connection, step-grandparents don't see themselves reflected in the child and so must create the connection.

"Go slow," advises Robert Klopfer, co-director of Stepping Stones Counseling Center in Ridgewood, N.J.

That's what Sallie Mann, 75, and Bernie Olin, 77, are doing. The two widowed Minnians had a blind date last year, and will be married this November. They met each other's families separately, discussing beforehand the interests and personalities of their eight children and 15 grandchildren. "It took a while, but we kept reviewing and asking questions of each other," says Mann.

No one knew what to expect. Olin's eldest granddaughter, 12-year-old Sharon Oegerle, wondered what it would be like to

see her granddad with a stranger. "It was kind of weird," she said. When Sallie rented a videotape for Sharon and a girlfriend, Sharon expected they'd end up watching something babyish like *Teletubbies*. Instead, Mann brought them *Clueless*, a winner in Sharon's eyes.

A new stepgrandparent needs to be patient in building a relationship with a child, and Klopfer recommends finding a special role. Cheryl and Robert Jones of Oklahoma City are recent stepgrandparents of two boys, five and seven. "It had been a long time since I was around children," Cheryl admits, "and there's a lot about dealing with them that I had forgotten." Since the elder boy is interested in computers, she quizzes colleagues at work about the best websites for kids. When he visits her, they explore the sites together.

For Sara Miller McCune, 58, of Santa Barbara, Calif., "stepgrandparenting was a special process where love was learned, not born." After the 1990 death of her husband, she continued a stepgrandparenting tradition of more than two decades. She spent three days last year traveling in Britain with one of her four stepgrandchildren, Samantha Sarvat, 18. Says Samantha: "I never saw my grandmother laugh so hard or look so happy." That's the main thing; the blended family offers stepgrandparents an opportunity to play a unique role, in which all share in the rewards.

—With reporting by JeanneDeQuine/Miami, Maureen Harrington/Denver, Anne Moffett/Washington, Chandrika Narayan/Dallas and Megan Rutherford/New York

The blended family is the contemporary version of the traditional extended family of another era

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A LOVING FAMILY: The Corbets cuddle with granddaughter Tiana, who lives with them

penses of child rearing create new financial challenges. "We should be thinking about retirement," says the grandmother of a 19-month-old. "Instead we're thinking about investment so we can see her through college." One grandfather came out of retirement when he acquired three new mouths to feed. Now 75, he works nights and sleeps during the day, with a 30-mile commute.

There is also emotional fallout: fear of losing a child to dysfunctional parents, grief at losing the grandparent role, and anger at the adult child who won't parent. And there is the simple reality of age. "I'm not 25 anymore," says a 51-year-old grandmother. "Physically, I can't do the things that a mom and a dad can do. We have the love, but we don't have the youth."

Likely as not, the children themselves are victims of emotional trauma. "These children are suffering profound loss," says Sylvie de Toledo, founder of Grandparents as Parents (GAP), a California support network. "They come with everything from emotional, behavioral, academic and medical problems to physical disabilities from prenatal substance abuse."

Finally, these recycled parents are often forced to negotiate an unfamiliar bureaucracy, seeking welfare assistance or legal custody, enrolling kids in school or getting medical care. "The underlying problem is that they don't understand what their rights are and nobody can tell them," says Gerard Wallace, director of the Grandparent Caregiver Law Center at the Brookdale Center on Aging in New York. There is little in law books to help; attorneys and social workers are often unsure how existing laws apply.

What helps? Social workers and attorneys who strive to understand. Lawmakers who consider the needs of this population. And support groups, like GAP and those run by New York's department for the aging, that offer resources and reduce isolation. Vickie Corbett started her own group in Rocky Mountain, N.C., for that reason. "Honest to goodness, it saved my life," she says.

But Corbett also admits that her unexpected job has its rewards. The best part, she says, is when Tiana says after a bad day, "You know I love you and Grandpa more than anything in the world," and that makes it O.K. "Some parts of being a parent are worth repeating. ■

Deborah Edler Brown is the co-author of GRANDPARENTS AS PARENTS: A SURVIVAL GUIDE TO RAISING A SECOND FAMILY

RECYCLED PARENTS

Millions of grandparents face a dramatic challenge: to care for their children's children

By DEBORAH EDLER BROWN

VICKIE AND JOE CORBETT DON'T HAVE the luxury of spoiling their granddaughter Tiana and then just sending her back to Mom. These North Carolina grandparents tuck Tiana into bed at night and make her breakfast every morning; they pay for her school and her doctors. Instead of traveling and seeing friends, as they expected to do in their autumn years, they are back in the business of going to birthday parties and PTA meetings. For the past seven years, since Tiana's mother left the baby with a sitter and never picked her up (her father moved out two years later), parenting has been their life. "I cried for three days when we knew that this was going to happen," recalls Vickie, 49. "I had just got to the point where I wanted to do things for me and Joe. I raised my three sons, and we did without. Now I'm doing without for my granddaughter."

For the Corbets—and millions like them—the grand has been taken out of grandparenting, leaving them with all the responsibilities of raising a child. According to the U.S. Census Bureau, 3.7 million grandparents had grandchildren living with them in 1997, about 35% without a parent present. Some are as young as 35; others are

in their 80s. They cross social, economic and religious lines, and their numbers are rising.

There are many reasons grandparents parent again: child abuse, abandonment and neglect, divorce, teen pregnancy and parental incarceration, as well as death of a parent from illness, accident, suicide or murder. By far the most common reasons are parental abuse of drugs and alcohol—and, increasingly, AIDS. Factor into that the rising numbers of single-parent families and, says Herbert Stupp, commissioner of the New York City department for the aging, "the chances for any one child of being raised by someone other than [his or her] parent are higher than they used to be."

Grandparents are often the safety net that catches children whom parents, fate and society fail—but not without strain to the net. If raising a child changes your life, raising a grandchild turns it upside down. Isolation is a common complaint among second-time parents. Social lives dwindle, as grandparents don't fit in with younger parents yet can't bring children to senior events. Late-life dreams get put on hold, while the ex-

Almost 4 million grandparents have children living with them, more than a third without a parent also in the home



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WHEN VENUS CROSSES MARS

Why can't a woman be more like a man? And vice versa? Guess what! More and more, they can be!

By FRANCINE RUSSO

THERE WERE FIVE COUPLES—ALL IN their 20s and 30s—in the workshop run earlier this year by Peter Fraenkel, director of the PREP Couples Program at New York University's Child Study Center. Fraenkel noticed something curious: when four of the men showed an eagerness to share their feelings more extensively with their partner, the response was, in effect, "What is this guy's problem? He's so needy."

"I care how he feels," explained one of the women, a 37-year-old administrative assistant. "But it's boring to talk about your problems for two hours. Let's fix it and get it over with."

After years of begging men to be more emotional... like women... is it possible that women are finally getting tougher... like men? Fraenkel speculates that on the cutting edge of gender evolution, ironically, each sex may be sliding into some of the other's former roles. "Men have been encouraged to actualize their more feminine side to be a healthy male," he says, "and independence has become an important emotional statement for women."

While the sensitive '90s guy has grown larger in our cultural consciousness, more and more women have been entering the corporate workplace and imbibing its values. "They've learned to keep their own counsel and are proud of themselves," says Pepper Schwartz, a sociologist at the University of Washington. They're just as likely as their male counterparts, she says, to react with "What's all this whining? Just get the job done."

None of this surprises Howard Markman, whose book *Fighting for Your Marriage* represents years of research on couples communication. All the data in the

field, Markman declares, run counter to the *Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus* stereotypes. "When men and women talk in a safe setting," he says, "they find they're more similar than different. Men can be just as intimate and positive as women."

Roger Lake, a family therapist in San Francisco, is working with a couple in their 40s on issues he says he would never have encountered 10 years ago.



"She's a 'warrior' who's insistent on getting ahead with things," says Lake. "He's a CEO who's trying to wake up to his feelings. But she'd rather see him as a big strong guy than a guy scared of so many things." Her discomfort is similar to that of other women Lake has seen; they find their partner's emotionality unmasculine. "Women have overtly embraced the idea of feeling, nurturing men," says William Pollack, author of *Real Boys*, "but inside, they still have the same models of men they were brought up on."

In fact, tradition-minded women can be just as discomfited by this shift in male roles. In part, they may fear seeing their husband's vulnerability exposed; all along they've been comforted by his stoic assurance. "Don't worry, honey, it'll be fine."

What men say, though, isn't the only problem—it's how they say it. When these guys finally open the emotional floodgates, the intensity of their expression can be jarring. Compared with women, who typically have explored the subtleties of their inner life from the cradle on, many men are inexperienced at this, express their feelings clumsily and sound to their wives like, well, like babies.

Most men have not allowed themselves to feel frightened or ashamed since they were children, Roger Lake explains. "When they try to get in touch with these feelings, they turn into little boys." Though women may not react well to this transformation, he advises, "The first thing you see isn't what you get. Keep talking."

Women also need to see their mate's sudden outpouring from another perspective. Not only has he bottled up these feelings for years, but he probably releases them only with her. It's just not fair to call these guys needy, Schwartz says. "These women are still being 'needy' with their girlfriends. They've gone to lunch, they've bitched and moaned on the phone, and now they're done, while they are probably their husband's only emotional outlet." Most men, she points out, would not feel safe confiding in other men, and they'd feel disloyal talking to other women. So she suggests that women be a little more understanding when their menfolk open up. "It's like when you've already eaten and you watch a starving person wolf down food, you think, 'How gross.' It doesn't look good from the outside. But God knows, we've been saying, do it."

Lee Morton, 42, a pilot from Brownsburg, Ind., thought he'd give it a shot. He was reading *Men Are from Mars ...* in the living room, while his wife Patty, 42, a mother of two and a former engineer, was watching basketball in the family room. "We were going through lots of stuff, with babies and houses," Lee says, "so I thought I'd try to explain my feelings and ask what she was feeling."

"All of a sudden he walks in the room," Patty recalls, laughing, "and he wants to know, Am I happy?"

Her answer? "Get out of here. I'm trying to watch the play-offs!"

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Cutting the Cord

Novatel's new wireless modem is the cheapest on the market. But how well does it work?

I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE MERLIN WIRELESS MODEM the first time I saw a picture of one in an ad. It is so adorable. The modem is built into one of those PCMCIA cards that fit into a credit-card-size slot on a laptop computer; a teeny, 2-in. antenna—so cute!—pops up to send and receive data at 19.2 kbps. That's a fairly pedestrian speed, but if it meant I could do e-mail and even browse the Web while riding the Long Island Rail Road, I'd happily put up with it. Imagine all the cool things

I could do, unbound from the desktop...

Novatel, whose Minstrel line of wireless modems is popular with Palm users, has just begun shipping the Merlin, which works on most PC laptops, to retail stores. The company says that at \$279, it is the cheapest wireless modem around (I haven't found a cheaper one—others tend to cost \$400 and up). Another plus: The Merlin draws roughly one tenth the power of a typical laptop modem. That's good news for road warriors and anyone else trying to conserve their laptop's battery.

The Merlin connects to the Net using Cellular Digital Packet Data (also known as CDPD, which is my favorite abbreviation to say, since it sounds like Seedy Petey). Unfortunately, Seedy Petey is not my favorite service to use. You can get it in most metropolitan areas from cellular carriers such as AT&T. But, unlike cellular-phone service, which is billed by the minute, you pay by the bit: it costs around \$15 a month to send 500 MB of data; unlimited service is available



NOVATEL'S MERLIN is a wizard at providing wireless connectivity to the Net when it works

for \$54 a month. That would be reasonable if it always worked. But it doesn't, at least under the harsh conditions of my commute.

Seedy Petey sends data over constantly changing unused frequencies in the cellular network, a juggling act that succeeds when

the user is at rest. Indeed, when I was sitting at my desk 23 floors above the streets of Manhattan, the connection was just fine: data moved easily to and from the Merlin, and even Web pages could be loaded within a reasonable amount of time. But when I was not at rest—when I was, in fact, hauling along on an eastbound train—two tin cans and a string would have made a tighter connection. I found it all but useless. I could grab a Web page only if I was sitting at a station; as soon as the train began to move again, the data stream was broken. Bad Seedy Petey!

But wireless connectivity to the Net is still in its infancy. Even with its problems, I can see how this modem might be perfect for certain users. I loved the feeling of simply turning on my laptop, shoving in the modem and being online without having to wait for a dial tone. (The Merlin is "hot swappable," which means you don't have to reboot your machine to use it.) If I were always on the road, traveling among big cities, it would be terrific never again to have to reconfigure my laptop's dial-up connections. It's also swell to be able to sit in a boring meeting and check e-mail or browse the Web.

In the meantime, it doesn't take much to imagine how soon the rest of us will be untethered from our modem wires. Novatel is already talking about its next-generation modem, which will abandon Seedy Petey for GSM, a cellular standard that handles data far better—and faster. That GSM-compatible Merlin, which the company expects to start selling in the middle of next year, will supposedly send and receive data at Mercury-fast 144 kbps, even from a train. I bet it'll be cute too.

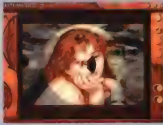
Want more tech news? Subscribe to TIME DIGITAL magazine at time.com. Questions for Josh? E-mail him at jquitt@well.com

IN BRIEF

A PUZZLING PLEASURE As hard as I've tried to fathom the peculiar fascination many men (and a few women) have with gory video games, I'm still stumped. Why would anyone want to waste hours on end blowing up imaginary bad guys? Have they no shame? Then again, maybe I'm just jealous. Ever since any games that thrilled me for more than an hour or two. Until now. The elegant and addictive Pandora's Box (Microsoft, \$35)—which, not coincidentally, was created by Tetris designer Alexey Pajitnov—has kept me up until 2 a.m. and turned 15-minute coffee breaks into 2½-hour obsessions. Consisting of some 10 different puzzle types that morph into 350 unique games, Pandora's Box combines problem-solving fun

with the visual richness of fine art and photography. For long sessions I follow the mythical story line, which takes players from Cairo to Maui and beyond in search of the missing pieces of Pandora's Box. For a quick break, I can select and solve my favorite puzzles in any order I choose. Along the way, I've nominated over Renolds, cursed at the New York City skyline and outthought *The Thinker*, as I diligently pieced together each masterpiece. So let the guys have their mindless fun with *Age of Empires* or *Myth II*. I'm sitting pretty with Pandora's Box.

—By Anita Hamilton



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AMY DICKINSON

Kids in the Bed

A government pronouncement on the dangers of "co-sleeping" deserves a closer look

YOU'VE GOT TO LOVE THE CONSUMER PRODUCT SAFETY Commission, nanny to the nation. They're the guys who put those impenetrable safety caps on aspirin bottles and rounded off the corners of our furniture; they're the original authors of WARNING: CONTENTS HOT and THIS LADDER IS TO BE USED FOR CLIMBING. Without the CPSC, Americans wouldn't know the dangers of rickety swing sets, toxic crayons or detachable doll's eyes. Last week the CPSC announced that parents shouldn't al-

low infants to sleep with them in bed, owing to the risk of suffocation, strangulation or death by "overlying"—when a sleeping parent mistakenly rolls onto an infant. This announcement was based on data collected from 1990 to 1997 showing that on average, 64 American babies die each year while "co-sleeping" with their parents in adult beds.

The CPSC presented this warning to parents in absolute terms, saying that babies should never be allowed to sleep on adult beds, daybeds or waterbeds; that doing so exposes the child to a "potentially fatal hazard." The CPSC acknowledges "limitations" with its data, in that the reported cause of death in some cases is based on "anecdotal information." In some of the cases the babies might have been victims of sudden infant death syndrome (SIDS); it is also not clear if parents' consumption of alcohol or drugs might have contributed to the "overlying" deaths. (Interestingly, even safety equipment is dangerous if misused: eight infant deaths during this period involved baby rails, intended to keep the child from rolling out of bed.)

So consider yourself warned. Now, if you're like me, you're thinking about ignoring the CPSC, but you're anxious about the consequences (I used to feel like a criminal when I put my baby to bed in a non-flame-retardant sleeper). I asked Ann Brown, chairwoman of the CPSC, if she thought the co-sleeping warning isn't just a touch overblown. Hoarse from defending the CPSC's position on co-sleeping, she said the "huge number of deaths meant it

would be wrong for us to withhold this information from parents."

The fact is, 3,880,894 American babies were born in 1997, the most recent year for which we have statistics. Sadly, 28,045 died before their first birthday. But only 64 of them died on adult beds, compared with 736 who died of other accidental injuries—for instance, 160 babies under the age of one year died in motor-vehicle accidents.

Death is quantifiable, as the data sadly show. What can't be measured so easily is the benefit of closeness, both for the baby and the parent. There is no question that parents and their babies should have as much intimate contact as possible. The problem is how to get it. Dr. John Kattwinkel, who headed a task force on infant-sleep positions and SIDS for the American Academy of Pediatrics, told me that if parents can avoid "loose bedding, pillows, soft surfaces, waterbeds, mattresses that might pull away from bed frames, smoking and drinking in bed," then co-sleeping was O.K. Otherwise they should have their infant within reach in a bassinet. "They have this kind now that straps to the bed," Dr. Kattwinkel offered. "Straps? I don't know. Sounds like a hazard to me," I said. He assured me that there are bassinets out there that have been tested and approved by the Consumer Product Safety Commission.

Whew! Now don't we all feel better? ■

See our website at time.com/personal for more on child safety and nurturing. You can e-mail Amy at timefamily@aol.com

IN BRIEF

CRACK THOSE BOOKS Just how good are those textbooks your kids bring home from school? Project 2061, a math-, science- and technology-education reform initiative of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has just rated the most widely used middle school science textbooks. Not one got a satisfactory grade. It isn't that the books are chock full of mistakes; rather they don't teach kids critical thinking. Since textbook publishers seldom make changes unless sales are threatened, parents and educators need to push for better materials.



HERO WORSHIP Until now there has been very little research on what kind of images of American men are conveyed by the media to teenage viewers. A new study by the child-advocacy group Children Now reveals that 74% of men portrayed in movies and on television take part in such antisocial behavior as ridiculing, being aggressive or carrying out defiant acts.



LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE According to a study released last week by the Safe America Foundation, 53% of teenagers said they had at one time or another come across websites containing pornographic, hate-based or violent material. More disturbing, 91% of them said they had unwittingly found the material while

PERCEPTION GAP
Percentage of parents who say they discuss Net content with their kids

75

Percentage of kids who say their parents talked to them

39

conducting research for school or just surfing the Web. Parents say they monitor this, but kids say not so. —By Daniel S. Levy



DANIEL KADLEC

Dow 1,000,000

A bunch of new books see nothing but up—and a bunch don't. What's this soothsaying worth?

WE HAVE A SAYING IN THE NEWS BUSINESS: THREE'S A trend. It works something like this. If one tree falls, it was a bad tree; if two trees fall, well, the grass needed more light anyway. But if a third tree topples, stop the presses. There must be some hideous new insect at work, threatening the entire forest. And that's a story. So it is with a trio of recently published books, and I'm not making these names up: *Dow 36,000* by James Glassman and Kevin Hassett, *Dow 40,000* by Daniel Elias and

Dow 100,000 by Charles Kadlec (no relation). I'm thinking of writing one called *Dow Infinity*. Top that.

Taken as a trend, these optimistic titles frighten me. They are the product of a stock market that has gone higher, faster, than just about anyone expected. It's natural to project the recent past to the future. But it's also natural for things to change. Long periods of disappointment have followed long periods of heady market gains at least twice this century, in the '30s and the '70s.

Frankly, we're due. And that brings me to another batch of three: *The Crash of the Millennium* by Ravi Batra, who, as they say, has called five out of the past two recessions; *Beat the Millennium Crash* by Jake Bernstein; and *Devil Take the Hindmost: A History of Financial Speculation* (Dutch tulip bulbs to junk bonds) by Edward Chancellor. The bubble theories in these books at the very least provide some counterweight to the sky's-the-limit authors.

Books about the market's direction are pure guesswork. Elias and that other Kadlec as much as admit that there's nothing special in their forecasts. Elias predicts Dow 40,000 by 2016, an average annual gain of 9%. Kadlec projects Dow 100,000 by 2020, equal to 11% a year. Given that stocks have returned 17% a year over the past 20 years, it's hard even to call them bulls. About all they're saying is that the U.S. will remain a sovereign nation. I'd call that a real sturdy limb they've climbed onto. By now, just about everyone knows that stocks go up 10% annually, on average, give or

take, over long periods, even though they often fall sharply over short periods.

Glassman and Hassett are a different breed. They predict that the Dow will go to 36,000 in short order, gaining something like 35% a year for the next four years. Now there's a thin bough. They believe investors are revaluing stocks to a permanently higher plateau. It's a fun argument but boils down to familiar ground: diversified portfolios are superior and safe if held for long periods. A growing awareness of that idea is bringing more investors into the market at ever higher prices, inflating the average stock's price-to-earnings multiple from 10 to 30, and the authors assert, soon to 100.

Yet if stocks remain risky in the short term, as the authors concede, then stocks remain risky, period. Few people can be certain that no life event will force them to tap long-term savings early. The inescapable risk of stocks is that when you need the money, they may be down. That risk shouldn't keep you from buying stock for the long run, stuffing your 401(k) each pay period and sitting tight when the market turns choppy or goes flat for years. But here's my prediction, and you don't even have to buy my book: short-term risk will become more apparent in coming years, keeping a lot of money out of the market and the Dow below 36,000 long after this year's freshman class joins the work force. ■

See time.com/personal for more on long-term investing, and see Dan on CNNfn Tuesdays at 12:45 p.m. E.T.



IN BRIEF

IPO UPDATE Internet IPOs are sexy, but remember: stock prices tend to get the biggest boost on Day One, before most small investors can jump in. Nontech IPOs are an alternative, though this year's offerings have been lackluster. That may change, or at least get interesting, when Martha Stewart and World Wrestling Federation go public this month.

THIS YEAR'S IPO AVERAGES*

Internet-related stocks

▲ **111%** From offering price
▲ **23%** From first-day closing price

Nontechnology stocks

▲ **11%** From offering price
▲ **2%** From first-day closing price

*Through 8/28/99 Source: Renaissance Capital

ONLINE OVERKILL Researchers at UC-Davis, using six years' worth of data, studied the behavior of some 1,600 investors who switched from phone-based to online trading. Prior to the switch, these investors had beaten



ANNUITY MAKEOVER Variable annuities often come with high fees that negate the benefits of tax-deferred growth. But some companies are revamping these retirement plans by offering no-load annuities (i.e., no penalties for early withdrawal) and trimming total expenses. TIAA-CREF now charges .37%, an industry low. Despite these improvements, you should max out your IRA or 401(k) before considering an annuity. The money you put in isn't tax deductible, and earnings will be taxed as ordinary income rather than as capital gains. —By Julie Rawe

SOME NO-LOAD VARIABLE ANNUITIES

Company	Total Expenses	Total Return YTD*
TIAA-CREF Personal Annuity Select	.37%	7.3%
VANGUARD Vax Cap Index	.62%	9.6%
FIDELITY FID Growth	1.5%	12.9%

*Through 8/31/99



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IAN K. SMITH, M.D.

Pain Can Be Tamed

New treatments and medications are emerging to offer relief for many millions of Americans

ALTHOUGH AN ESTIMATED 50 MILLION AMERICANS suffer from chronic pain, only 26% of those battling moderate to severe pain are referred to the proper specialists. This doesn't mean other doctors can't treat pain effectively, but the complexity of diagnosing the condition and designing a treatment for a specific patient, especially prescribing possibly addictive narcotic-based painkillers, can make this a difficult and tedious task if a physician isn't well versed in pain management.

Chronic pain is generally defined as persistent pain, like daily migraines, or pain that continues after an injury heals or fails to heal. Everyday aches and pains don't count. "A patient's complaint of 'Oh, doctor, my aching back' isn't enough to just pull out the prescription pad and write for conventional narcotic meds," says Dr. Russell Portenoy of New York City's Beth Israel Medical Center, president of the American Pain Society, a professional group. Instead, he urges a comprehensive assessment of the pain's characteristics, including its causes and impact on the patient's activity and quality of life. Such an analysis should be performed immediately. If doctors undertake one without prompting, that's fine. But if they're prescribing for you without a thorough exam, it should raise your suspicions.

Most chronic pain sufferers are all too familiar with different classes of medications. According to a poll taken for the American Pain Society, 91% of chronic pain sufferers have tried at least an over-the-counter medicine, 60% have been prescribed nonsteroidal anti-inflammatories, and 42% have used narcotics or opioids, the big guns of pain relief.

In the past decade, unconventional pain medications have exploded onto the scene. These drugs are considered adjunct—that is, auxiliary—therapies because they're usually used in conjunction with conventional medications when the latter fail to provide relief. Occasionally they're prescribed alone. Among the more surprising new painkillers are antiseizure medications. A recent article

in the *Southern Medical Journal* discusses anecdotal evidence that antiseizure drugs provide the best relief for neuropathic pain, associated with nerve problems. The newest and most successful has been gabapentin, which seems to relieve a wide range of nerve pain, including that often accompanying cancer and AIDS. Better yet, this class of

drugs has a low level of side effects. Drowsiness, dizziness, nausea and unsteadiness, if they do occur, can usually be alleviated by adjusting the dosages of the drug, while more severe side effects, such as liver toxicity, blood disorders and disturbed vision, are relatively rare.

Antidepressants have been used for the past 20 years as adjuncts in pain relief. The most effective appear to be the tricyclics, and they're prescribed for a broad spectrum of pain, including headaches, arthritis, chronic low-back pain, fibromyalgia, cancer pain and diabetic nerve pain, though they can in some people lower blood pressure, create confusion and cause constipation and urine retention.

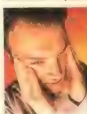
Chronic pain makes life miserable for millions, and not enough is being done to alleviate their misery. Fears of addiction are understandable, but evidence suggests that many of the older and newer medications can be safely prescribed. They won't work for everyone, but there's a strong chance, if you suffer from chronic pain, they'll make your life a lot more comfortable. ■

For more on pain, visit the *American Pain Society* at www.americanpain.org. You can e-mail Dr. Ian at iksmith@aol.com

GOOD NEWS

CAN THAT HEADACHE!

Remember when botulism was a bad thing? Still is, if you happen to consume the toxin from a contaminated batch of canned food. But now, years after doctors discovered the toxin's uncanny ability to smooth out wrinkles and quell tremors, a new benefit has been uncovered: botulism toxin seems to alleviate migraine headaches. In a preliminary study, half the



patients whose foreheads were injected with tiny amounts of the botulism drug Botox reported that their migraine headaches disappeared—and stayed away for up to four months.

BONING UP Don't think you're immune to osteoporosis just because you're a guy. Two million American men have the bone-thinning ailment, and 3 million more may be at risk. Now here's some help: the first major study on men with osteoporosis shows that Fosamax—a nonhormonal drug that helps treat the disease in postmenopausal women—also works in men. The bone density of men who took it increased 7% regardless of their age.

BAD NEWS

TIME LAPSE

Sorry, jet-lag sufferers. A report shows that melatonin may be no better than a sugar pill in alleviating the sleepiness and disorientation of long-distance travel. Nearly 250 subjects were given either a placebo or one of two commonly used doses of melatonin (5 mg and .5 mg). Result: They all experienced similar jet-lag symptoms, and all recovered after about six days.

SNOOZE ALARM

Talk about a drunken stupor. Doctors say not getting enough sleep may dull your senses as much as drinking does. Folks with sleep apnea—a common disorder in which sufferers momentarily awaken throughout the night because breathing stops—did worse on 3 out of 7 tests of reaction time than those whose blood-alcohol level would make them too drunk to drive in 15 states. Could ordinary inattentiveness run into the same problems? Probably, doctors say.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Source—Good News: American Academy of Otolaryngology; American Society for Bone & Mineral Research. Bad News: American Academy of Otolaryngology; American Journal of Psychiatry (9/99)



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HEWLETT
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SISTERLY BOND

Bond girls are granted memorable names but fleeting roles. Most get replaced by younger models with less clothing in subsequent releases. Now, in what must be a lothario's nightmare, Vanity Fair has assembled 007's sirens for a group photo. Since Bond has vanquished more vixens than villains, it was a big group (this is only a third of them). From left, they are: **URSULA ANDRESS** (Money Ryder), **SHIRLEY EATON** (Jill Masterson, coated in paint in *Goldfinger*), **HONOR BLACKMAN** (Pussy Galore), **LUCIANA PALUZZI** (Fiona Volpe), **JILL ST. JOHN** (Tiffany Case) and **LANA WOOD** (Plenty O'Toole). Where's Miss Moneypenny when you need her?



Not Suffering In Silence

No regular child prodigy, **MARSHALL BALL** has had to overcome much to share his gift. The 13-year-old from Austin, Texas, whose recently published book has already gone to No. 4 on Amazon.com's best-seller list, is unable to speak and barely able to move, having been born with a still undiagnosed illness. He composed the poems and thoughts in *Kiss*

of God: The Wisdom of a Silent Child by tapping on a primitive letter board. Ball's tenaciously loving parents read him literature and played him music from the time he was still an infant; by age 9, he was testing at a 12th-grade reading level. Particularly partial to Tolstoy, Ball offers musings that are often similarly elliptical: "I hope to gather thinkers/ To give them my thoughts about Love/ Love to clean their ideas/ That cleaning might loosen the love in their hearts."



KANE FOR A DAY

"I've only realized this year what a luxury it is not to get overexposed," says **LIEV SCHREIBER**. Rather than practicing false humility, the actor is acknowledging how intense media attention can hobble a career. As an example, he cites Orson Welles, whom he portrays in HBO's upcoming *RKO 281*, the story of the making of *Citizen Kane*. "When this movie was released," he says, "no one saw it because William Randolph Hearst hated it. So the press killed it." Schreiber has been drawing increased scrutiny as he rehearses *Hamlet* on Broadway and reprises his *Scream* role in December. And wary as he is of hype, he's not about to turn down work. "I'll take anything I can get."

FEUD OF THE WEEK

NAME: "Sir" Charles Barkley

OCCUPATION: Trash-talking hoopster

BEST PUNCH: "Sir" he was "disappointed greatly" that teammate Pippen wants to leave Houston after one season, particularly since "the Rockets went out of their way to get Scottie."

NAME: "Beam Me Up" Scottie Pippen

OCCUPATION: Trash-talking hoopster

BEST PUNCH: Hardly contrite, responded, "I wouldn't give Charles Barkley an apology at gunpoint ... If anything, he owes me an apology for coming to play with his sorry fat butt."



WINNER: Pippen. He got himself traded to the Portland Trail Blazers

Pete, age 8.
Big serve.
Big Dannon fan.
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World's Best Tennis Player **Pete Sampras**

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Coincidence or Dannon?™

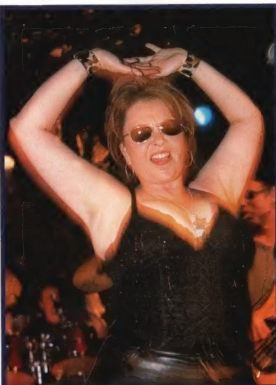




GARY FELD—GMA

Brother Brando

Germans do not enjoy a reputation as fun lovers. But *Die Zeit*, one of the country's leading newsweeklies, recently started playing six degrees of separation with gusto. According to one social theory, everyone on the planet can be connected to anyone else in six steps. So the paper asked Salah Ben Ghaly, an Iraqi immigrant who owns a local falafel stand, to whom he would most like to be linked. Ghaly, naturally, chose **MARLON BRANDO**. It took some months, but *Die Zeit* managed to relate them. A friend of Ghaly's who lives in California works in the same company as Ken Carlson, boyfriend of Michelle Bevin, sorority sister to Christina Kutzer, daughter of Patrick Palmer, producer of *Don Juan de Marco*, in which Brando starred. Alas, Brando seems unmoved by the relation. He's yet to return Ghaly's calls.



TIM MCGEE—REUTERS

RADIO AIR PLAY IS DOUBTFUL

With a defunct sitcom and a fledgling talk show, a girl's got to find some way to get attention. So last week **ROSEANNE** and the Barr Flies commandeered New York City's legendary downtown club CBGB and cracked some of rock's finer chestnuts. Opening with a Rolling Stones medley, the former Ms. Arnold interpreted *Satisfaction* in ways Mick Jagger surely never intended and with a refreshing indifference to melody. She screeched her way through *My Generation* and *I Wanna Be Sedated*, pausing only to eat chocolate, swill beer and swear, charming the young crowd with her atonal exuberance. If only TV viewers were so readily impressed.

It Was a Bang-Up Good Time

The best you can hope to pick up at most art openings is some vicious gossip and cheap champagne. But at her Fifth Avenue gallery last week, venerable art dealer **MARY BOONE** offered a little more. For a show featuring a sculpture made of guns, Boone filled a vase with 9-mm cartridges, a thoughtful parting gift for art patrons. Unfortunately, the law didn't see it that way. Police took Boone to jail, where she spent more than 24 hrs. and was charged with possessing an exposed rifle and disposing of ammunition. She maintained the bullets weren't live (ballistics tests disproved this) and refused to eat (at least until her chauffeur arrived with bagels). Boone insists she was framed, and plunged back into the First Amendment fray by attending a party for that other art exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum upon her release.



AP/WIDE WORLD

AND THEY PAY HOMAGE TO MR. RICARDO

Whether you're watching ESPN or MTV, you can't escape the reign of the Rickys, and last week was particularly eventful. Here's how to tell them apart.

Profession:

Spent college years at:

Praised athletically for:

Heisman Trophy prospects:

Felled last week by:



Ricky Williams
Running back
Texas
Speed and power
Won in 1998
A sprained elbow



Ricky Williams
Running Back
Texas Tech
Speed and power
May win in 1999
A sprained knee



Ricky Martin
Singer
General Hospital
Swiveling hips
Not good
TLC, whose single outsold his

RICKEY MARTIN: GREGG DEGUI—JANUARY 4

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STARTED THINKING
ABOUT NUMBER ONE?

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mg



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Once things get rolling, you'll be happy to know that The Truck is the only pickup that combines an industry-exclusive Tow/Haul mode with standard 4-wheel disc/antilock brakes with Dynamic Rear Proportioning (DRP). The Tow/Haul feature actually reprograms the auto-

matic transmission schedule so that it shifts less and you hit the gas less. And DRP is smart enough to recognize rear-brake lockup and balance the pressure applied to the front and rear brakes. Making towing the heavy stuff easier on you and The Truck.

Just how smart is The Truck? See for yourself. The Driver Message Center helps keep you informed on up to 15 key truck functions. Smart design. Smart features. Smart truck. Proof positive that Silverado isn't just any truck. It's The Truck. From Chevy. The most dependable, longest-lasting trucks on the road.*

SILVERADO



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Toll free 1-877-THE TRUCK or www.chevrolet.com/silverado

All claims exclude other GM vehicles. *Based on overall exterior cab dimensions. †Based on available V8 horsepower.
**Dependability based on longevity. 1991-1996 full-line light-duty truck company registrations. Excludes other GM divisions. © 1999 GM Corp. Buckle up, America!